





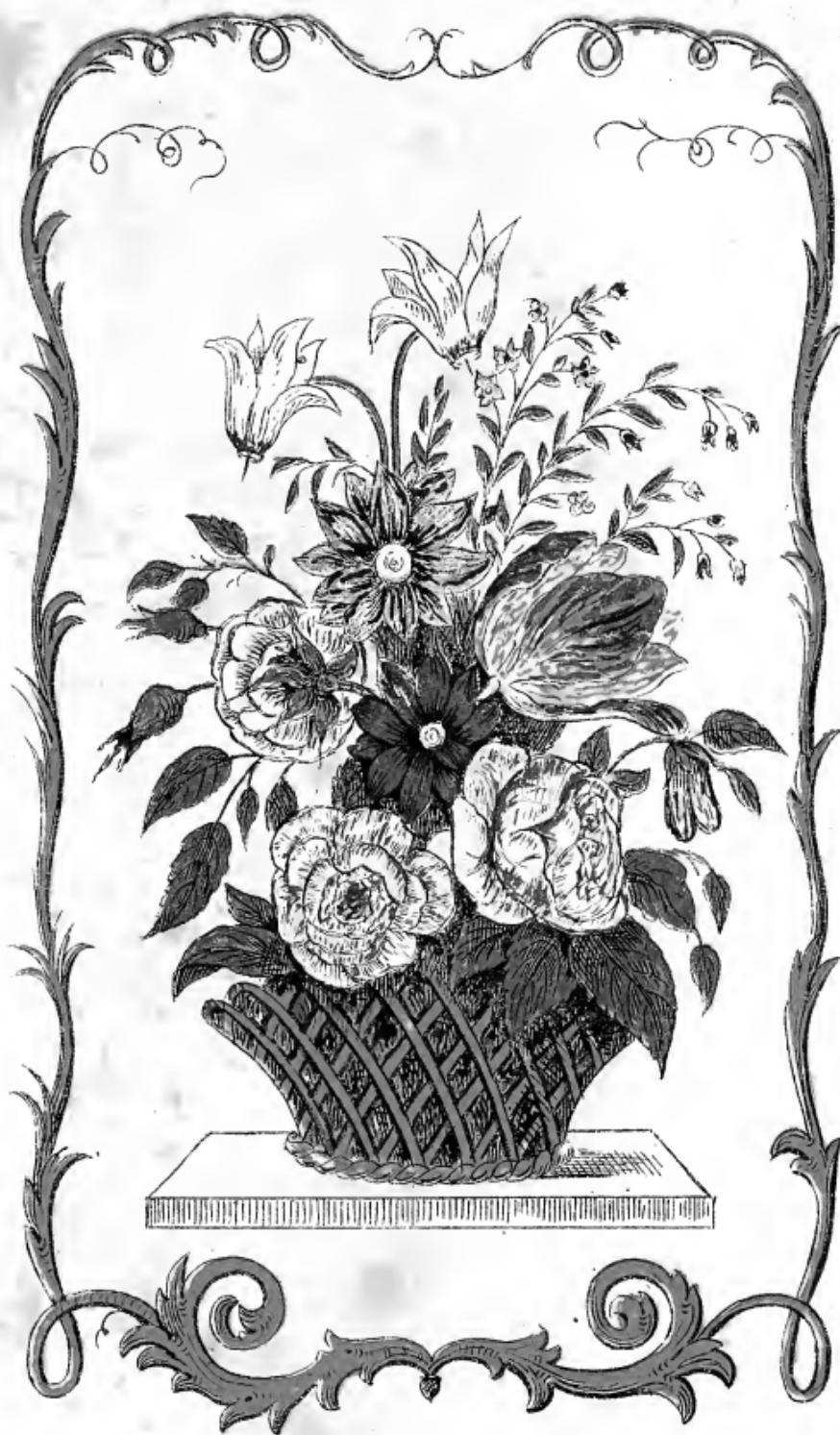
Presented to
Mary Patterson
by her friend
Endicott Peabody

W. H. C. Abbott









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Flora's Dial:

CONTAINING

A FLOWER

DEDICATED TO EACH DAY IN THE YEAR.

And an Appropriate Poetic Sentiment

FOR EACH FLOWER.

BY J. WESLEY HANSON.

“Wilt thou gaze with me on flowers,
And let their sparkling eyes
Glancing brightly up to ours,
Teach us to be wise?”

BOSTON:
G. W. COTTRELL.
1856.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1843,
BY JONATHAN ALLEN,
In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the District of Massachusetts.

P R E F A C E.

The author of this little book does not expect that he has accomplished a very weighty task. He puts it forth in the meek hope that it may afford a little pleasure to those who, like himself, occasionally turn aside from the graver duties of life, to pluck a flower, or to gaze upon a picture. If such shall read, he is satisfied.

The design is brief. Each day in the year has been christened with a flower, and it may afford a moment's delight to those who meet in the social circle, to ascertain each other's birth-days, and, seeking here the flower, read the language and the poetic extract.

The author believes this book to possess advantages over any other of a similar character, in the eyes of the lover of flowers. Among the many kindred works, he has been unable to find one containing more than half the number of flowers, which he, through the aid of a scarce European work, has been able to present.

The author, also, has had full access to the complete works of the Old English Poets, and accordingly he has selected many beautiful gems from that casket of rare worth.

“There is religion in a flower,”

as has been sung. The author hopes that the influence of his book may be religious in one sense; that it may cause the Graces of Life to throng around the hearth-stone, and scatter flowers of harmless joy and pleasure in those homes where it shall visit. Thus he dismisses it; saying in the language of Old Aleyn, that “Well of English undefiled,”

“GO, LITTLE BOOK, GOD SEND THEE GOOD PASSAGE!”

J. W. H.

Lowell, May, 1846.

DEDICATION.

I have not sought to wreath my brow with laurel,
Nor crown myself with bright and fadeless bays ;
As dear to me is a green sprig of sorrel,
As all that poets strive for,—fame and praise.

And yet I fain would ask your kind attention
To this, my harmless, inoffensive book ;
If it be not too low a condescension,
I pray you, fair one, on these pages look.

You will not, if you read, grow richer, wiser,
And yet I feel that you may better grow,—
For every flower is a kind adviser,—
From each glad blossom little angels go.

Yes ; in the heart of every lowly blossom,
Sweet loves and angels flutter with delight ;
Winging their flight from out each purple bosom,
They scatter odors, blessings, pure and bright.

Read then this Book ! and let it thee rejoice ;
May its words soothe thee as the breath of poppy,
And may each friend of thine, with mirthful voice,
Say, — “ What a book ! where can I get a copy ? ”

J. W. H.

FLORA'S DIAL.

January 1.

OAK GERANIUM.—*True Friendship.*

Thou stand'st as stands a lovely tree,
That will not break, though gently bent ;
Still waves with fond fidelity
Its boughs above a monument.

The winds may rend, the skies may pour,
But there thou art, and there wilt be,
Devoted in the stormiest hour,
To shed thy weeping leaves o'er me. BYRON.

January 2.

MULTIFLORA ROSE.—*Grace.*

Behold this sweet maid in her careless play,
Laughing the hours of youth away !
The red light sleeps on her sunny hair,
And her voice sounds sweet in the silent air ;
Around her brow, from summer bowers,
Are blooming wreaths of beautiful flowers.

ANONYMOUS.

January 3.

CACTUS.—*Ardent Love.*

Oh therefore, love, be of thyself so wary,
As I, not for myself, but for thee, will,
Bearing thy heart, which I will keep so chary
As tender babe her nurse, from faring ill.
Presume not on thy heart, when mine is slain, —
Thou gavest me thine, not to give back again.

SHAKSPEARE.

January 4.

ALOE.—*Grief.*

A faded flower, a broken gem,
Are emblems mine ;
The flower hath lost its loveliness
With its sunshine ;
The ruby stone no more is set
On lady's brow,
Its beauty of unsullied light
Is wanting now.
Like me, no thought of former worth
From doom will save ;
They will be flung to earth and air,
I, to the grave !

MISS LANDON.

January 5.

HYDRANGEA.—*Remember!*

Wilt thou remember me when I am gone,—
Gone to that leaden darkness, where men lie
Shut out from friends, in chambers all of stone,—
Waiting my summons from the awful sky ?

Think of me, *sometimes*, sweet! all cold, all pale,
Beyond the power of pain,—a spirit taken,
By Death, to regions where no hearts awaken ;
Where no hopes haunt us,—no wild sorrows wail ;
Where even thy love itself can then no more avail.

BARRY CORNWALL.

January 6.

ICE-PLANT.—*Frigidity.*

Canst thou no kindly ray impart,
Thou strangely beauteous one ?
Fairer than fairest work of art,
Yet cold as sculptured stone !

Thou art in Friendship's bright domain
A flower that yields no fruit ;
And Love declares thy beauty vain ;—
Of fragrance destitute !

O. S. M. ORDWAY.

January 7.

JAPAN ROSE—*Beauty is not your only attraction.*

A woman's face, with Nature's own hand painted,
Hast thou, the master-mistress of my passion ;
A woman's gentle heart, but not acquainted
With shifting change, as is false woman's fashion ;
An eye more bright than theirs, less false in rolling,
Gilding the object whereupon it gazeth ; * * *
And for a woman wert thou first created,
Till Nature, as she wrought thee, fell a-doting.

SHAKSPEARE.

January 8.

LABURNUM.—*Forsaken.*

Can you forget me ? This is vainly tasking
The faithless heart, where I, alas ! am not.
Too well I know the idleness of asking —
The misery — oh, why am I forgot ?
The happy hours that I have passed while kneeling,
Half slave, half child, to gaze upon thy face —
But what to thee this passionate appealing, —
Let my heart break, — it is a common case ;
You have forgotten me !

MISS LANDON.

January 9.

LAVENDER.—*Distrust.*

When first, with all a lover's pride,
I woo'd and won thee for my bride,
I little thought that thou could'st be
Estranged as now thou art from me!
That love so true and so intense,

As that within my bosom glowed,
Should meet with cold indifference!

And I along life's weary road,
By her whom I was proud to call mine own,
Be left to journey on, uncared for, and alone!

ANON.

January 10.

DEAD LEAVES.—*My love has ended.*

And this is woman's fate!
All her affections are called into life
By winning flatteries, and then thrown back
Upon themselves to perish; and her heart,
Her trusting heart, filled with weak tenderness,
Is left to bleed or break!

MISS LANDON.

January 11.

LEMON.—*Pleasant Thoughts.*

Many a sad, sweet thought have I,
Many a parting, sunny gleam,
Many a bright tear in mine eye,
Many a wild and wandering dream,
Stolen from hours I should have tied
To musty volumes at my side.

EDWARD SANFORD.

January 12.

LEMON BLOSSOM.—*Fidelity*

How blest is my portion !
No change do I find,
In the girl in whose beauty
My hopes are entwined.
Though the flowers of earth
Like shadows have fled,
And the best of its blossoms
Are withered and dead,—
Though the cold earth is silent,
And dreary the hours,
Ella's love fades not,
As fade the flowers !

J. W. H.

January 13.

IMPERIAL LILY.—*Majesty.*

Oh, he is all made up of love and charms,
Whatever maid could wish or man admire ;
Delight of every eye ! when he appears,
A secret pleasure gladdens all that see him ;
And when he talks, the proudest men will blush
To hear his virtues and his glory !

ADDISON.

January 14.

HYSSOP.—*Holiness.*

There blooms a lovely flower ;
It blooms in a far off land ;
Its life has a beautiful mission,
That few will understand ;
Its leaves illumine the valley,
Its odor scents the wood,
And if evil men come near it,
They grow in a moment good !

FROM THE GERMAN.

January 15.

MARIGOLD.—*Pain.*

Where on earth is the truth that may vie
With woman's love and long constancy ?
Her eye may grow dim, her cheek grow pale,
But tell they not both the same fond tale ?
Love's lights have fled from her eye and cheek,
To burn and die on the heart they seek.
Alas ! that so often the grave should be
The seal of woman's fidelity ! MISS LANDON.

January 16.

YARROW.—*The heart-ache.*

Worn out ! — the heart seems like a ruined altar ;
Where are the friends, and where the faith of
yore ?
My eyes grow dim with tears, — my footsteps falter,
Thinking of those whom I can love no more !
We change, and others change, — while recollection
Would fain renew what it can but recall.
Dark are my dreams, and weary my affection,
And cold my hopes, — and yet I felt them all
A long while ago !

MISS LANDON.

January 17.

ROSEMARY.—*Affectionate Remembrance.*

Envy has forced thee from my breast,
Yet in my heart thou keep'st thy seat;
There, there thine image still must rest,
Until that heart shall cease to beat.

BYRON.

January 18.

RUE.—*Changeable Disposition.*

As April clouds will change their form,—
Now brightly red, now clothed with storm,—
So, lady, so, from place to place,
Your feelings do each other chase. J. W. H.

January 19.

SAGE.—*Mutual Love.*

Man loves his steed
For its blood or its breed,
For its odor the rose, for its honey the bee,
His own haughty beauty
From pride or from duty;
But I love *my* love, because—he loves me.

BARRY CORNWALL.

January 20.

SNOW-DROP.—*Hope in Sorrow.*

Oh, weary heart! Oh, slumbering eyes!
Oh, drooping soul, whose destinies
Are fraught with fear and pain,—
Ye shall be loved again!

No one is so accursed by Fate,
No one so utterly desolate,
But some heart, though unknown,
Responds unto his own;
Responds, as if with unseen wings,
An angel touched its quivering strings,
And whispers in its song,
“Where hast thou staid so long?”

LONGFELLOW.

January 21.

SOUTHERNWOOD.—*Bantering.*

So lady, take this simple lay,
And, if you find a meaning there,
O, whisper to your glass, and say,
“What wonder if he thinks me fair?”

TENNYSON.

January 22.

MULLEIN.—*Good Nature.*

I know a heart so good, so true,
With every thought so fresh, so new,
So gentle, tender, soft, and kind,
Another such I ne'er could find.
And whether sad or gay my mood,
By that dear heart I 'm understood.
But why does this such joy impart?
It is, because I love that heart!

ANON.

January 23.

NIGHT-SHADE.—*Warning.*

Thou canst not forget me! for go where thou wilt,
Thro' storm or thro' sunshine, some vision of me,
Some dream we have cherished,—some hope we
have built,
Shall follow thee, ghost-like, o'er land and o'er
sea.
In thine own secret chamber, and glare of the crowd,
I will darken thy mirth, like the gloom of a shroud.

ANON.

January 24.

OAK-LEAF.—*Welcome.*

Let thy love forever shine,
Filling me with power serene,—
My soul, my inmost soul is thine,—
Thine hath ever been.

Fold me then within thy heart,
Set thy seal on all that 's mine ;
Make my life some little part,
Noblest soul, of thine !

ANON.

January 25.

MOTHERWORT.—*Concealed Love.*

She loved ; but her bosom had buried the dart ;
And there, while she strove to conceal it,
Its point had engraven his NAME on her heart,
Too deep for her lips to reveal it.

And now, not a trace of the NAME can be found ;
With darkness and silence hung o'er it,
The sacred engraving is hid in the ground,
Laid up in the bosom that bore it.

MISS H. F. GOULD.

January 26.

ORANGE FLOWER.—*Chastity.*

Bear a lily in thy hand ;
Gates of brass cannot withstand
One touch of that magic wand.

Bear through sorrow, wrong, and ruth,
In thy heart the dew of youth,
On thy lips the smile of truth.

Oh, that dew, like balm, shall steal
Into wounds that cannot heal,
Even as sleep our eyes doth seal ;

And that smile, like sunshine, dart
Into many a sunless heart,
For a smile of God thou art.

LONGFELLOW.

January 27.

BURNING NETTLE.—*Cruelty.*

She 'll break your heart,
As kindly as the fisher hooks the worm,—
Pitying you the while !

WILLIS.

January 28.

NARCISSUS.—*Egotism.*

Dost deem that aught can hide in beggar-rags
A heart so bold as mine? * * *
Have I not stood on *Ætna*, when she shot
Her fiery rivers 'gainst the affrighted clouds?
And dream'st thou aught of common danger now
Can scare me from my purpose?

BARRY CORNWALL.

January 29.

LIVERWORT.—*Constancy.*

My love unalterably fixed,—
With nothing perishable mixed,
Returned, or unreturned, — the same,
Consumeless, burns as vestal flame;
But if it meet thy favoring smile,
'T will life of half its cares beguile;
Like choicest flowers, its fragrance shed,
And beauty round my pathway spread.
As richest flowers Death's hand employ,
Their sweets to scatter, not destroy,—
So shall Decay, immortal, find
The beauteous offspring of the Mind.

O. S. M. ORDWAY.

January 30.

MIGNONETTE.— *You are better than handsome.*

I see her now within my view,—
A spirit, yet a woman too!—
Her household motions light and free,
And steps of virgin liberty;
A countenance in which do meet
Sweet records, promises as sweet;
A creature not too bright or good
For Human Nature's daily food;
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles.

WORDSWORTH.

January 31.

PERIWINKLE.— *Tender Recollections.*

Though the rock of my last hope is shivered,
And its fragments are sunk in the wave,
Though I feel that my soul is delivered
To pain,— it shall not be its slave.
There is many a pang to pursue me:
They may crush, but they shall not contemn,
They may torture, but shall not subdue me,—
'T is of thee that I think,— not of them.

BYRON.

February 1.

SWEET PEA.—*Delicacy.*

Let me nicely examine ;—fair forehead, straight nose,
A cheek that might rival Aurora's own rose ;
Lips, teeth,—and what eyes ! that can languish,
or roll,
To enliven and soften the delicate whole.

WHITEHEAD.

February 2.

YELLOW ROSE.—*Infidelity.*

What is it ails thee, heart of mine ?
What makes thee sorrow and repine,
And in sweet Nature's face no more,
Take the same pleasure as before ?
Sad heart of mine ! by love alone
The darkness and the blight are thrown.
'T is falsehood causes thy annoy,
Thou 'st lost thy lover and thy joy.
Oh fate ! my happy times renew,—
All Nature smiles when love is true ;
Would he be kind, I 'd not be sad,
And little things should make me glad.

MACKAY.

February 3.

SAFFRON.—*Beware!*

And wouldst thou seek the low abode
Where peace delights to dwell?
Pause, dearest, on thy way of life!
With many a snare and peril rife
Is that long labyrinth of road! SOUTHEY.

February 4.

PANSY.—*I think of thee.*

I think of thee at morn, when glisten
The tearful dew-drops on the grass;
I think of thee at eve, and listen,
When the low, whispering breezes pass.
The words that once were wont to greet me,
Alas! they 're gone! no more they 'll meet me;—
I think of thee!

E. R. H.

February 5.

MARSHMALLOW.—*Unmarried.*

I 'm single yet! I 'm single yet!
And years have flown since I came out!
In vain I sigh, in vain I fret,—
Bless me! what are the men about? MORRIS.

February 6.

MISTLETOE.—*Difficulties.*

I will not have a man that 's tall ;
A man that 's little is worse than all ;
I will not have a man that 's fair ;
A man that 's black I cannot bear ;
A young man is a constant pest ;
An old one would my room infest ;
A man that 's rich I 'm sure wont have me ;
A man that 's poor I fear would starve me.

ANON.

February 7.

LINDEN.—*Conjugal Love.*

Come, live with me, and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove,
That valleys, groves, and hills, and fields,
Woods, or steepy mountains yield.
And I will make thee beds of roses,
And a thousand fragrant posies ;
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle,
Embroiding all with leaves of myrtle ;
If these delights thy mind may move,
Then live with me, and be my love.

MARLOWE.

February 8.

PINE APPLE.—*Perfection.*

Give place, you ladies, and begone ;
Boast not yourselves at all,
For here at hand approacheth one,
Whose face will stain you all.

The virtue of her lively looks
Excels the precious stone ;
I wish to have no other books
To reade or looke upon.

1550.

February 9.

HOUSE-LEEK.—*Liveliness.*

Pleasantly, pleasantly flows away my life ;
Like a stream it flows along, —
Singing to itself a song, —
Through fields full of flowers ;
Where the trees, with looks of love,
Spread their whispering leaves above,
Through the happy hours.

February 10.

HAWTHORN.—*Hope.*

And it is not a dream of a fancy proud,
With a fool for its dull begetter ;
There 's a voice at the heart, that proclaims aloud,
Ye were born to possess the better !
And that Voice of the Heart, O ye may believe,—
Will never the Hope of the Soul deceive !

SCHILLER.

February 11.

CYPRESS.—*Mourning*

Lady dear ! this history
Is thy fated lot,
Ever such thy watching
For what cometh not,
Till with anxious waiting dull,
Round thee fades the beautiful ;
Still thou seekest on, though weary,
Seeking still in vain ;
Daylight deepens into twilight ;
What has been thy gain ?
Death and night are closing round
All that thou hast sought,—unfound !

LANDON.

February 12.

DEW PLANT.—*Serenade.*

Ah, sweet! thou little knowest how
I wake, and tireless watches keep ;
And yet while I address thee now,
Methinks thou smilest in thy sleep.
'T is sweet enough to make me weep,
That tender thought of love and thee,
That while the world is hushed so deep,
Thy soul 's perhaps awake to me !

HOOD.

February 13.

CLEMATIS.—*Artfulness.*

Long when I had loved, sued, and served so,
As might have pleased as braw a dame as shee,
Hir friend shee forcéd not, but let him go,
She loved, at least, beside him, two or three.
Her common cheer to every one that sued,
Bred me to deem shee did hir friend delude.

TUBERVILLE. 1561.

February 14.

GILLY-FLOWER.—*Natural Beauty.*

Faire is this maid in excellent beautee,
Aboven every wight that man may see :
For Nature hath with soveraine diligence,
Yformed hir in so great excellency,
As tho shee would sayn, " Lo, I Nature,
Thus can I reform and paint a creature."

CLAVER.

February 15.

HEMLOCK.—*You will cause my death.*

Well, well I say no more,
Let dead care for the dead ;
Yet wo is me, therefore
I must attempt to lead
One other kynde of life
Than hitherto I have,
Or else this paine and strife
Will bring me to my grave. 1555.

February 16.

MOSS.—*Maternal Love.*

Dear Mother, of the thousand strings which waken
The sleeping harp within the human heart,
The longest kept in tune, though oft forsaken,
Is that in which the Mother's voice bears part ;
Her still small voice bids e'en the careless ear
To turn with deep and pure delight to hear.

MISS E. J. EAMES.

February 17.

PEA.—*Respect.*

Breathe, breathe your incense, May ;
Ye flowers, your homage pay
To one more fair and sweet ;
Ye opening rose-buds, shade
With fragrant twine her head, —
Ye lilies kiss her feet !

THOMPSON.

February 18.

RYE-GRASS.—*Vice.*

Ave Maria! send her aid,
Bless, oh bless the wretched maid!

TUPPER.

February 19.

SPRUCE.—*Hope in Adversity.*

Weary way-wanderer, languid and sick at heart,
Travelling painfully over the rugged road,
Wild-visaged wanderer! God help thee, wretched
one!

Cold is thy heart and as frozen as Charity!

* * * Now God be thy Comforter!

SOUTHEY.

February 20.

YEW.—*Sadness.*

Sister Sorrow! sit beside me,
Or, if I must wander, guide me;
Let me take thy hand in mine,
Cold alike are mine and thine.

Think not, Sorrow, that I hate thee,—
Think not I am frightened at thee,—
Thou art come for some good end;
I will treat thee as a friend. R. M. MILNES.

February 21.

VERONICA.—*Fidelity.*

I 'll lo'e thee, dearie, while the dew
In siller bells hings on the tree ;
Or while the bournie's waves o' blue
Rin wimplin to the rorin sea.
I 'll lo'e thee while the gowan mild
Its crimson fringe spreads on the lea ;
While blooms the heather in the wild,
Oh dearie, I 'll be true to thee !

R. HAMILTON.

February 22.

AMARYLLIS.—*Pride.*

Rudely thou wrongest my deare heart's desire,
In finding fault with her too portly pride ;
The thing which I do most in her admire,
Is of the world unworthy most envied.
For in those lofty looks is close implied
Scorn of base things, — disdain of foul dishonor,
Threatening rash eyes which gaze on her so wide
That loosely they ne dare to look upon her !

SPENCER.

February 23.

TANSY.—*Courage.*

Fear not, beloved, those clouds may lower,
Whilst rainbow visions melt away ;
Faith's holy star has still a power,
That may the deepest midnight sway.
Fear not ! I take a prophet's tone,
Our love can neither wane nor set,
My heart grows strong in trust ; — Mine own,
We shall be happy yet !

MRS. JAMES GRAY.

February 24.

STRAW, WHOLE.—*Union.*

O, welcome, easie yoke ! sweet bondage, come !
I seeke not from thy toiles for to be shielded,
But I am well content to be o'ercome,
Since that I must command when I have yielded.
Then here I quit both Cupid and his mother,
And do resign myself, — to get another.

STIRLING.

February 25.

SPEARMINT.—*Burning Love.*

Love is a region full of fires,
And burning with extreme desires ;
An object seeks, of which possest,
The wheels are still, the motions rest,
The flames in ashes lie opprest ;
The meteor, striving high to rise,
The fuel spent, falls down and dies.

BEAUMONT.

February 26.

LADIES' DELIGHT.—*Forget me not.*

“Forget thee ?” If to dream by night, and muse
on thee by day, —
If all the worship, deep and wild, a Poet’s heart can
pay, —
If prayers in absence, breathed for thee to Heaven’s
protecting power, —
If wingéd thoughts that flit to thee, — a thousand
in an hour, —
If busy fancy, blending thee with all my future lot, —
If this thou callest “forgetting,” thou indeed shalt
be forgot !

ANON.

February 27.

BACHELOR'S BUTTON.—*Single Wretchedness.*

Alone, alone, all, all alone !

Alone on a wide, wide sea !

I would be married, but I 'd have no wife ;
I would be wedded to a single life.

February 28.

CALLA.—*Magnificent Beauty.*

O rubicund rose, and white as the lily !

O clarified crystal of worldly portraiture !

O courfin figure resplendent with glory !

O Gem of Beautee ! O carbuncle shining pure !

Your fairness exceedeth the craft of Dame Nature !

LYDGATE. 1370.

February 29.

GRASS.—*Usefulness.*

Cheerfully of thine abundance,

To the sick and poor impart ;

And lift up the weight of sorrow

From the crushed and burthened heart.

T. B. THAYER.

March 1.

HELIOTROPE.—*I remain true.*

As laurel leaves, that cease not to be green,
From parching sonne, nor yet from winter's
threat,—
As hardened oak, that fears no sworde so keen,—
As flint for tool, in twaine that will not fret,—
As fast as rock, or pillar surely set,—
So fast am I to you, and ay, have been,
Assuredly whom I cannot forget ;
For joy, for paine, for torment, nor for tene ;
For loss, for gaine, for frowning nor for threat ;
For ever one, yea, both in calm and blast,
Your faithful love, and will be to the last !

1555.

March 2.

THORNS.—*Sincerity.*

Is he sincere ? How oft my heart
The question prompts ! and yet a doubt
Would bid the scalding tear-drop start,
Or, like the canker-worm, eat out
The germ of life's fair-budding joys.
But no ! his truth unsullied glows,
Each chilling sentiment destroys,
And yields me undisturbed repose.

O. S. M. ORDWAY.

March 3.

RED PINK.—*Pure Love.*

That noble flame which my breast keeps alive,
Shall still survive
When my soul 's fled ;
Nor shall my love die, when my body 's dead ;
That shall wait with me to the lower shade,
And never fade.

My very ashes in their urn,
Shall, like a hallowed lamp, for ever burn !

CAREW.

March 4.

ROSE GERANIUM.—*Preference.*

The girl that all are praising,
Is just the girl for me !
When all men's eyes are gazing,
She lifts not hers to see !
Though viewed by all admiring men,
She never glances back again !
For me her beauties raising,
Oh, she 's the girl for me !

J. W. H.

March 5.

HOLLY.—*Foresight.*

I know, I see
Her merit. Needs it now be shown,
Alas! to me?
How often to myself, unknown,
This graceful, virtuous, generous maid,
Have I admired! How often said,
What joy to call a heart like hers, one's own.

AKENSIDE.

March 6.

DOG'S BANE.—*Deceit.*

Cruel and false! could'st thou find none
Amongst those fools thine eye engrossed,
But me to practise falsehood on,
That loved thee most?
Farewell! thou pretty, brittle piece
Of fine-cut crystal, which once was,
Of all my fortune and my bliss,
The only gloss,
Now something else,— but in its state
Of former lustre, fresh and green
My faith shall stand, to show thee what
Thou shouldst have been.

COTTON.

March 7.

HYACINTH.—*Faith.*

“Art thou my peace, my Hyacinth plant?
Is it *thou*? ”

“I thine,—thou mine.”

“Then I and my glow, must go with thee;
When I shine from above, below thou must be,—
Alone I cannot stay.”

WERNER.

March 8.

OLIVE.—*Peace.*

I would not climb
The haughty mountain's peak,
To look for fragrant beds of thyme,
Which at the foot may grow;
Ambition! mount, and meet the chilling snow,
When spicy flowers thou wouldest seek!

CALDER CAMPBELL.

March 9.

ANEMONE.—*Forsaken.*

I did love once,—
Loved as youth, woman, genius loves ; though now
My heart is chilled, and seared, and taught to wear
That falsest of false things,—a mask of smiles.

LANDON.

March 10.

KING CUPS.—*Brilliancy.*

Oh ! she is a golden girl ;
And a man,—a man should woo her !
They who seek her, shrink aback,
When they should, like storms, pursue her.

BARRY CORNWALL.

March 11.

BLUE VIOLET.—*Faithfulness.*

Oh ! there is never sorrow of heart
That shall lack a timely end,
If but to God we turn, and ask
Of Him to be our Friend.

WORDSWORTH.

March 12.

MAPLE.—*Reserve.*

And to be wroth with one we love,
Doth work like madness in the brain.

* * * *

Neither will ever find another,
To free the hollow heart from paining;
You 'll stand aloof, the scars remaining,
Like cliffs that have been rent asunder;
A dreary sea will flow between,
But neither heat, nor frost, nor thunder,
Shall wholly do away, I ween,
The marks of that which once hath been.

COLERIDGE.

March 13.

IVY.—*Friendship.*

What though on Love's altar the flame that is
glowing

Is brighter?—yet Friendship's is steadier far!
One wavers and turns with each breeze that is
blowing,

And is but a meteor,—the other 's a star!

In youth Love's light
Burns warm and bright,

But dies ere the winter of age be past,—

While Friendship's flame
Burns ever the same,

And glows but the brighter, the nearer its last!

March 14.

WHITE VIOLET.—*Innocence.*

Behold the lilies on the tide,
Gleaming amid their glossy leaves ;
SHEBA's fair queen, in all her pride,
Was not arrayed like one of these.

Meet emblems, Love, are they of thee,
With thy pure brow, and shining hair, —
But plainer in thy *mind*, I see
A living likeness, dwelling there !

H. J. H.

March 15.

WALNUT.—*Presentiment.*

A deep and mighty shadow
Across my heart is thrown,
Like a cloud on a summer meadow,
Where the thunder-wind hath blown !
The wild rose, Fancy, dieth, —
The sweet bird, Memory, fliehth, —
I shall be left alone !

March 16.

VALERIAN.—*Good Disposition.*

Thy beauty of spirit
Is a pure, priceless boon ;
Mere external loveliness
Fades all too soon.

For this do I love thee,
My truest and best ;
For this I 've enshrined thee,
Close, close in my breast.

E. R. H.

March 17

SORREL.—*Parental Affection.*

Our babes shall richest comforts bring ;
As we shall live, they 'll prove a spring
Whence pleasures ever rise.
We 'll form their minds, with studious care,
To all that 's manly, good, and fair,
And train them for the skies.
They 'll grow in virtue every day,
They will our fondest loves repay,
And bless our happy eyes.

March 18.

SHAMROCK.—*Light-heartedness.*

Sigh no more, ladies ! sigh no more !
Men were deceivers ever ;
One foot in sea and one on shore,
To one thing constant never.
Then sigh not so,
But let them go,
And be you blithe and bonny,
Converting all your sounds of woe,
Into,— Hey, nonny, nonny !

SHAKSPEARE.

March 19.

SNAKE'S ROOT.—*Horror.*

Sathanas ! There 's a great Behemoth spider
Dropping into my face. A curse on trees
That have such tenantry of dangling vermin,
Suggestive of the devil's workmanship,
And token of his presence. Ugh ! how ugly ;
I think some spirit works in that clawed body,
All mind and venom ! Up thy ladder, fiend !
Claw up thy tether to thy nest again !

SAUL—*a mystery.*

March 20.

LETTUCE.—*Cold-hearted.*

As water fluid is, till it do grow
Solid and fixed by cold,
So in warm seasons love doth loosely flow;
Frost only can it hold;
Your coldness and disdain
Does the sweet course restrain.

COWLEY.

March 21.

PINE.—*Pity.*

Be piteous to him, as womanhood requireth,
That for your love endureth pain's smart,
Whom so sore your pleasant look enfireth,
That printed is your beautee on his heart,
And wounded lieth, without knife or dart.
There let your pity spread without restraint;
For lack of pity, let not your servant faint.

CHAUCER. 1370.

March 22.

MAIDENHAIR.—*Secrecy.*

The fountaines smoake, and yet no flames they shewe;

Starres shine all night, tho' undeserned by day;
And trees do spring, yet are not seen to growe,

And shadowes move, altho' they seem to stay.
In winter's woe, is buried summer's bliss,
And Love loves most, when Love most secret is.

Very Old.

March 23.

WOODBINE.—*Fraternal Love.*

Sister, I love thee! Though afar from thee,
Like starry visions come those darkling eyes;
And thy sweet voice, with pleasant melody,—
How often does its mellow cadence rise!

When round each shroud, Oblivion's shroud is prest,
Thou shalt remembered be, my brightest, best!

J. W. H.

March 24.

FERN.—*Sincerity.*

Give me but thy heart, though cold;
I ask no more;

Give to others gems and gold;
But leave *me* poor! B. CORNWALL.

March 25.

ALLSPICE.—*Languishing.*

Near some cowslip-painted mead,
There let me doze out the dull hours ;
And under me let Flora spread
A sofa of her fairest flowers ;

Where Philomel's sweet notes shall breathe
Forth from behind the neighboring pine,
And murmurs from the stream beneath
Shall flow in unison with mine

SMART.

March 26.

PITCH-PINE.—*Philosophy.*

Here, here are joys alone, say I !
'T is here divine Philosophy
Has deigned to fix her throne ;
Here Contemplation points the road
To calm Contentment's blest abode !
These, these are joys alone !

WHITEHEAD.

March 27.

FIR TREE.—*Elevation.*

Once did I weep and groan,
 Drink tears, draw loathéd breath,
And all for love of one
 Who did effect my death !
But now, thanks to disdain !
I live, relieved of pain.
For sighs,— I singing go ;
I burn not as before,— oh no, no, no !

DRUMMOND.

March 28.

SWEET BRIAR.—*Poetry.*

Star of the golden ray,
That on thy blazing axle-tree art wheeling !
Before thy solemn form my soul is kneeling ;
 Bright Harbinger of Day !
Thou art a type of what I fain would be.

* * * *

Give me the Poet's Lyre !
And as the seraph in his orbit sings,
O, may I strike the heaven-attunéd strings,
 With a seraphic fire !
With music fill the mighty dome of Mind,
And the rapt souls of men, in music brightly bind !

J. W. H.

March 29.

ELDER.—*Compassion.*

This youth is in love, I declare,—
How the insect keeps fluttering by!
I think he so loves a young fair,
If *she* were to *frown*, he would die!
Do not the poor youth any ill,
If he woos to obtain him a wife;—
As the Bible says, “Thou shalt not kill!”
Say “yes,” and *transport* him for life!

ANON.

March 30.

HOARHOUND.—*Imitation.*

Girl of the low voice,
Love me! love me!
Girl of the sweet voice,
Love me!
'T is the echo of a bell,—
'T is the bubbling of a well,—
Sweeter love within doth dwell;
Oh, girl of the low voice, love me!

ANON.

March 31.

LOVE-LIES-BLEEDING.—*Desertion.*

But thou, my lute, be still, now take thy rest,
Repose thy bones upon this bed of downe ;
Thou hast discharged some burden from my brest,
Wherefore take thou my place, here lie thee downe ;
And let me walke to try my restlesse minde,
Untill I may entreate some curteous winde
To blow these wordes unto my noble mate,
That he may see I sorrow for his sake.

GASCOIGNE. 1560.

April 1.

COLUMBINE.—*Folly.*

Have you seen but a bright lillie grow,
Before rude hands have touched it ?
Ha' you marked but the fall o' the snow,
Before the soyle hath smutched it ?
Or have ye smelt the bud of the brier ?
Or the nard in the fire ?
Or have tasted the bag o' the bee ?
Oh, so white ! Oh, so sweet is she ! JONSON.

April 2.

RUSH.—*Quietness.*

In that stillness
Which most becomes a woman, calm and holy,
Thou sittest by the fireside of the heart,
Feeding its flame. The element of fire
Is pure. It cannot change nor hide its nature,
But burns as brightly in a Gypsy camp,
As in a palace hall. * *
But if thou lovest,—mark me! I say lovest,
The greatest of thy sex excels thee not!
The world of the affections is thy world.

LONGFELLOW.

April 3.

MEADOW SAFFRON.—*My happy days are past.*

Go, thou vision, wildly gleaming,
Softly on my soul that fell;
Go! for me no longer beaming,—
Hope and pleasure, fare thee well!

WOLFE.

April 4.

REEDS.—*Musical Voice.*

Her voice is like the warble of a bird,
So soft, so sweet, so delicately clear,
That finer, simpler music ne'er was heard ;
The sort of sound we echo with a tear,
Without knowing why,—an overpowering tone,
Whose melody descends, as from a throne.

Oh, that I were
The viewless spirit of a lovely sound,
Born and expiring with the blest tone that made me !

BYRON.

April 5.

MOUSE-EAR CHICKWEED.—*Simplicity.*

Sweet are her eyes as the fairy flax,
Her cheeks like the dawn of day,
And her bosom white as the hawthorn buds,
That ope in the month of May !

LONGFELLOW.

April 6.

MYRRH.—*Gladness.*

My days have been so wondrous free,
The little birds, that fly
With careless ease from tree to tree,
Were but as blest as I.

Ask gliding waters, if a tear
Of mine increased their stream ?
Or ask the flying gales, if e'er
I lent one sigh to them ?

PARNELL.

April 7.

HOP.—*Pride and Passion.*

When thy beauty appears
In its graces and airs,
All bright as an angel new-dropt from the sky,—
At distance I gaze, and am awed by my fears,—
So strangely you dazzle my eye !

But when, without art,
Your kind thought you impart,
When your love runs in blushes through every vein ;
When it darts from your eyes, and pants in your
heart,
Then I know you 're a woman again !

PARNELL.

April 8.

ALMOND TREE.—*Indiscretion.*

Oh! had I nursed when I was young
The lessons of my father's tongue,
(The deep laborious thoughts he drew,
From all he saw, and others knew,)
I might have been,—ah, me!
Thrice sager than I e'er shall be.

For what says Time?

Alas! he only shows the truth
Of all that I was told in youth.

BARRY CORNWALL.

April 9.

BALSAM.—*Impatience.*

Sighing,
Dying,
Lying,
Frying,
In the furnace of Love's fire;
Creeping,
Sleeping,
Oh, how slow the hours retire!

CHATTERTON.

April 10.

BARBERRY.—*Ill Temper.*

Since both of you so like in manners be,
Thou the worst husband, and the worst wife she,
I wonder you no better should agree !

SHERBURNE.

April 11.

BEECH.—*Prosperity.*

My sweet one ! as for thee, I frame
A prayer which hath no selfish aim,
No happier lot can I wish thee,
Than such as I have when you 're with me.

SOUTHEY.

April 12.

BINDWEED.—*Obstinacy.*

When she will, she will,
You may depend on 't !
When she wont, she *wont*,
And there 's the end on 't ! ANON.

April 13.

CINQUEFOIL.—*The Dead.*

No longer mourn for me when I am dead.
Then you shall hear the surly, sullen bell
Give warning to the world that I am fled
From this vile world, with vilest worms to dwell.
Nay, if you read this line, remember not
The hand that writ it, for I love you so,
That I in your sweet thoughts would be forgot,
If thinking of me then, should work you wo!

SHAKSPEARE.

April 14.

BIRCH.—*Meekness.*

In action prudent, and in word sincere,
In friendship faithful, and in honor clear;
Through life's vain scenes, the same in every part,
A steady judgment, and an honest heart.
Thou vauntest no honors,—all thy boast, a mind
As infant's guileless, and as angel's kind.

COLTON.

April 15.

CHINA ASTER.—*True yet.*

No more shall flowers the meads adorn ;
Nor sweetness deck the rosy thorn ;
Nor swelling buds proclaim the spring ;
Nor parching heats the dog-star bring ;
Nor laughing lilies paint the grove,
When I shall you, dear, cease to love.

SMOLLETT.

April 16.

CROCUS BLOSSOM.—*Youthful gladness.*

You 're glad !
Because your little tiny nose,
 Turns up so pert and funny ;
Because I know you choose your beaux,
 More for their mirth than money ;
Because your eyes are deep and blue,—
 Your fingers long and rosy ;
Because a little maid like you
 Would make one's home so cozy ;
Because, I think, (I 'm just so weak,)
 That some of these fine morrows,
You 'll listen while you hear me speak
 My story, and my sorrows !

ANON.

April 17.

DAISY.—*I share your sentiments.*

The love that lay
Half smothered in my breast, has broke through all
Its weak restraints, and burns in its full lustre ;
I cannot, if I would, conceal it from thee.

ADDISON.

April 18.

WILD GRAPE.—*Rural Felicity.*

Come live with me and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove,
Of golden sands, and crystal brooks,
And silken lines, and silver hooks.

There will the river whispering run,
Warmed by thine eyes more than the sun,
And there th' enamoured fish will play,
Begging themselves they may betray.

For thee thou needest no deceit,
For thou thyself art thine own bait,
That fish that is not catched thereby,
He is a wiser fish than I.

DONNE.

April 19.

HONEY FLOWER.—*Secret Love.*

Why should I blush to own I love?
'T is love that rules the realms above.
Why should I blush to say to all,
That Virtue holds my heart in thrall?

Is it weakness thus to dwell
On passion that I dare not tell?
Such weakness I would ever prove!
'T is painful, though 't is sweet, to love.

KIRK WHITE.

April 20.

WITHERED ROSE.—*Departed Loveliness.*

Beauty is but a vain and doubtful good,
A shining gloss that fadeth suddenly;
A flower that dies, when first it 'gins to bud;
A brittle glass, that 's broken presently;
A doubtful good, a gloss, a glass, a flower,
Lost, faded, broken, dead within an hour.

SHAKSPEARE.

April 21.

WILD HONEY-SUCKLE.—*Inconstancy.*

Right as a mirror that nothing may impresse,
But lightly as it cometh, so mote it passe,—
So fair's your love, your works bear witnesse
There is no faith may your heart embrace,
But as a wedercocke, that turneth his face
With every wind, ye change; and that is seene;
Instead of blue, may ye always wear greene!

CHAUCER. 1370.

April 22.

YELLOW JASMINE.—*Grace.*

To thy lover
Dear, discover
That sweet blush of thine, that shameth
(When those roses
It discloses,)
All the flowers that Nature nameth.

In free air,
Flow thy hair;
That no more summer's best dresses
Be beholden
For their golden
Locks, to Phœbus' flaming tresses. CRASHAW.

April 23.

LADIES' SLIPPER.—*Fickleness.*

Lovers beware, and take good heed about
Whom that ye love, for when ye suffer pain,
I let you know there is right few throughout,
Whom ye may trust to have true love again;
Prove when ye will, your labor is in vain,
Therefore I rede ye, take them as ye find,
For they are sad as wedercocke in wind.

CHAUCER. 1370.

April 24.

MUSK ROSE.—*Caprice.*

“Love women well?” Never a deal love they a
man again!
For let a man do what he can, their favor to attain,
Yet if a new do them pursue, their first true lover
then
Labors for naught; for from her thought he is a
banished man! *Very Old.*

April 25.

PEACH BLOSSOM.—*I am yours.*

Take all my loves, my love, yea take them all ;
What hast thou then, more than thou hadst
before ?

No love, my love, but thou mayst true love call ;
All mine was thine, before thou hadst this more.

SHAKSPEARE.

April 26.

BRIDAL ROSE.—*Happy Love.*

How blest will you be, what joys will be known,
When wedlock's soft bondage will make you its own ;
So joyful your heart, and so easy your chain,
That all other joys will be tasteless, — a pain.

BURNS.

April 27.

BROKEN STRAW.—*Trouble ! Trouble !*

This thing I know by love,
Through absence crueltie,
Which makes me for to prove
Hell paine before I die.

Uncertain. 1555.

April 28.

YELLOW VIOLET.—*Rare Worth.*

A maid whom there are none to praise,
And very few to love.

A violet by a mossy stone,
Half hidden from the eye!
Fair as a star, when only one
Is shining in the sky. WORDSWORTH.

April 29.

WORMWOOD.—*Absence.*

How can the glintin sun shine bright?
How can the wimplin burnie glide?
Or flowers adorn the ingle side?
Or birdies deign
The woods, and streams, and vales to chide?
Eliza 's gane !

I 'm lanely now without ye, dearie !
And oft my een are wet, and tearie ;—
I cannot mak mysel feel cheerie,
I try in vain,—
I 'm sick, and lane, and sad, and wearie,
Eliza 's gane ! J. W. H.

April 30.

VERNAL GRASS.—*Poor but Happy.*

Such as in poor estate with oaten cakes abide,
Of care have they no cure, the corn with mirth
they roast ;
More ease they feel than those that from their height
down slide,
Excess doth breed their wo, they sail in Scilla's coast,
Remaining in the storm, till ship and all be lost.
Serve God therefore, thou poor, for lo ! thou livest
in rest,
Eschew the golden hall, thy thatched house is best.

ANONYMOUS.

May 1.

AMERICAN STAR-WORT.—*Welcome!*

Oh, what a May-day, — what a dear May-day !
Feel what a breeze, love,
Undulates o'er us,
Meadows and trees, love,
Glisten before us, —
Light, in all showers,
Falls from the flowers,
Hear how they ask us, “ Come and sit down ! ”

R. M. MILNES.

May 2.

CHICKWEED. — *Will you meet me?*

When are you coming? the flowers have come!
Bees in the balmy air happily hum!
In the dim woods where the cool mosses are,
Gleams the Anemone's little bright star;
Tenderly, timidly down in the dell,
Sighs the sweet violet, droops the harebell; —
Soft in the wavy grass lightens the dew, —
Spring keeps her promises, — why do not you?

MRS. F. S. OSGOOD.

May 3.

MAY ROSE. — *Vigor.*

I in you
Find of youth's vanity and folly naught;
But mark, in every topic you pursue,
A mind with intellectual vigor fraught.
Strange! that one head two prizes thus should win,
Spring's flower without, and autumn's fruit within.

ANONYMOUS.

May 4.

MYRTLE. — *Heart-felt Love.*

Our love came as the early dew
Comes unto drooping flowers ;
Dropping its first sweet freshness on
Our life's dull, lonely hours.
As each pale blossom lifts its head
Revived with blessings nightly shed
By summer breeze and dew, —
Oh, thus our spirits rose beneath
Love's gentle dews and living breath,
To drink of life anew !

MRS. R. S. NICHOLS.

May 5.

OPHRYS. — *Disgust.*

With lether eye
And cheeks dry,
And visage wan,
Swart as tan ;
When others are glad,
He is sad,
Frantick and mad ;
His tongue never still
For to say yll. SKELTON. 1490.

May 6.

QUINCE.—*Scornful Beauty.*

Oh mossie quince, hanging by your stalke,
The which no man dare plucke away or take !
Of all the folke, that pass forth by, or walke,
Your flowers fresh be fallen away and shake !
I am right sorry, mistress, for your sake,
Ye seem a thing that all men have forgotten ;
Ye be so ripe, ye waxen almost rotten !

CHAUCER. 1370.

May 7.

PRIMROSE.—*Inconstancy.*

Like as the rage of raine
Fills rivers with excesse,
And as the drought again
Doth draw them less and less.—
So I both fall and climb
With no and yea, sometime. 1566.

May 8.

WHITE POPPY.—*Sleep.*

Sweet, sleepy maiden ! dear, pacific soul !
Eat the fat beef, and suck the coffee bowl !
Still let the smoke of puddings round thee fly,
Till broad-looked dullness settles in thine eye.

THOMSON.

May 9.

SNOWBALL.—*Thoughts of Heaven.*

Go wing your flight from star to star,
From world to luminous world, as far
As the universe spreads its flaming wall ;
Take all the pleasures of all the spheres,
And multiply each through endless years,—
One moment of Heaven is worth them all !

MOORE.

May 10.

RED POPPY.—*Consolation.*

Maiden ! once gay pleasure knew thee ;
Now thy cheeks are pale and deep ;
Love has been a felon to thee,
Yet, poor maiden, do not weep.

There 's rest for thee,
All under the tree,
Where thou wilt slumber most peacefully.

K. WHITE.

May 11.

SENSITIVE PLANT.—*Bashfulness.*

Behold this maiden when she smiles,
With shy and downcast eyes,
The light within them rounding, like
The young moon in its rise.

BARRY CORNWALL.

May 12.

STAR OF BETHLEHEM.—*Purity.*

Oh, how much more doth beauty beauteous seem
By that sweet ornament which truth doth give !
The rose looks fair, but fairer we it deem,
For that sweet odor which doth in it live.
The canker blooms have full as deep a dye,
As the perfuméd tincture of the roses,
Hang on such thorns, and play as wantonly,
When summer's breath their maskéd buds dis-
closes.
But for their virtue, only is their show ;
They live unwooed, and unrespected fade ;
Die to themselves. Sweet roses do not so ;
Of their sweet deaths are sweetest odors made ;
And so of you, beauteous and lovely youth.

SHAKSPEARE.

May 13.

STRAWBERRY.—*Perfection.*

Oh! do not die, for we shall hate
All women so when you are gone,
That thee I shall not celebrate,
When I remember thou wast one.

But yet thou canst not die, I know ;
To leave this world behind is death ;
But when thou from this world wilt go,
The whole world vapors in thy breath.

DONNE.

May 14.

SUMACH.—*Intellectual Greatness.*

See yon delicious woodbines rise,
By oaks exalted to the skies ;
So view in this maid's matchless mind,
Humility and greatness joined.

To paint her dignity and ease,
Formed to command, and formed to please,
In wreaths expressive be there wove
The birds of Venus and of Jove.

SMART.

May 15.

SWEET-WILLIAM.—*Treachery.*

Oh! take back all,—I cannot bear
 These proofs of love,—they seem to mock it;
 There, false one, take your lock of hair!
 Nay, do not ask me for the locket!
Insidious girl! that wily tear
 Is useless, now that all is ended;
 There is thy curl! nay, do not sneer;—
 The locket's—somewhere being mended!

ANON.

May 16.

SYRINGA.—*Remember me.*

I 'll na' forget thee! In my heart,
 Na ither one shall ha' a part,
 Nor shall the wiles o' maiden art
 Mak me forget;
 And though we live lang miles apart,
 I 'll lo'e thee yet!

And think o' him wha 's gane awa',
 When looking on the evenin' star,
 Or on the moon's bright siller car,
 And when ye pray,
 Pray for the lad that 's distant far,
 Far, far awa'!

J. W. H.

May 17.

THISTLE.—*Austerity.*

'T is a woman hard of feature,
Old and void of all good nature;
Lean and fretful; would seem wise;
Yet plays the fool before she dies.
'T is an ugly envious shrew,
Railing for ever, at me and you. POPE.

May 18.

VERVAIN.—*Enchantment.*

Oh, glorious in thy loveliness!
Victorious in thy loveliness!
From what strong magnetic zone,
Circling some strange world unknown,
Hast thou stolen sweet influence
To lull in bliss each ravished sense,—
Fascinates the dazzled sight,
With a halo of delight?

TUPPER.

May 19.

WAKE ROBIN.—*Ardor.*

'T is said that under distant skies,
(Can you the fact deny?)
What first attracts an Indian's gaze
Becomes his deity.

And could the Pagan's waking eyes,
Upon your beauty range,
He there would fix his lasting choice,
Nor wish, nor dare to change.

SHENSTONE.

May 20.

WALL FLOWER.—*Faithful in Adversity.*

When all around grows drear and dark,
When Reason half withholds her ray,—
And Hope sheds but a dying spark,—
Which more misleads my lonely way,—
In that deep midnight of the mind,
And that internal strife of heart,
When, dreading to be deemed too kind,
The weak despair, the cold depart;
When fortunes change, and Love flees far,
And Hatred's shafts fly thick and fast,
Thou art the solitary star
That will not set until the last.

BYRON.

May 21.

WEEPING WILLOW.—*Mourning.*

Marvel no more, although
The songs I sing do moan ;
For other life than wo,
I never proved none. WYAT. 1525.

May 22.

WILLOW.—*Celibacy.*

Like a cage without a bird,
Or a thing too long deferred ;
Like the gol'd was never tried,
Or the ground unoccupied ;
Like a house that's not possessed,
Or a book was never pressed —
So are you it may be said,
If you die, an ancient maid. BEAUMONT.

May 23.

WATER LILY.—*Purity of Heart.*

She dwells amid the world's dark ways,
Pure as in childhood's hours ;
And all her thoughts are poetry,
And all her words are flowers.

MRS. M. E. HEWITT.

May 24.

WOLF'S BANE.—*Misanthropy.*

I'll make my home in the hyæna's den,
 Or live with newts and bullfrogs on the fen ;
 These at least are honest, — but for man,
 The best will cheat and use you if he can, —
 Subtle for self, — for damning Mammon keen,
 Cruel, luxurious, treacherous, proud and mean ;
 And I, too, am — a man ! Oh wretched fate !
 To be the *thing* I scorn, more than I hate !

TUPPER.

May 25.

RHUBARB.—*Advice.*

Have something still to love, e'en though it be
 Nought but a flower ; yea, the worm below
 Thy feet itself ; for love and joy are so
 Twined with each other, closely joined as the
 Two rosebuds on one stalk.

Love can grasp the skies !
 And he who simply loves, has all he could
 Of bliss, in each of its varieties ;
 Lo ! in how small a space, *all* Paradise !

ELLISON.

May 26.

PHLOX.—*Unanimity.*

From the gay world we 'll oft retire,
To our own family and fire,
 Where love our hours employs ;
No noisy neighbors enter there,
No intermeddling strangers near
 To spoil our heartfelt joys.
The world hath nothing to bestow,
From our own selves our bliss will flow,
 And from our quiet home.

COLTON.

May 27.

MEADOW-SWEET.—*Uselessness.*

Yet for all this parade,
You are but a dull blade,
And your face is all scragged and raw ;
 Though you've hacked, and have hewed,
 And have squeezed, and have stewed,
You are now not *all* worth a straw.

JAGO.

May 28.

OLEANDER.—*Beware.*

She has a bosom as white as snow,
Take care !
She knows how much it is best to show,
Beware ! beware !
Trust her not, she is fooling thee !

LONGFELLOW.

May 29.

FRENCH MARIGOLD.—*Jealousy.*

Ah ! poor unconscious rival maid,
How drearily must thou sicken and fade,
'Neath Jealousy's dark Upas shade !

TUPPER.

May 30.

CAROLINA ROSE.—*Love is dangerous.*

To make a lover known by plaine Anatomie,
You lovers all that list, beware, lo ! here behold
you me.
These locks that hang unkempt, these hollowe
dazzled eyes,
These chattering teeth, this trembling tongue, well
tewed with cries,

May 31.

PINK.—*Pure Love.*

I 'll lo'e thee while the lintie sings
 His song of love on whinny brae ;
I 'll lo'e thee while the crystal springs
 Glint in the gowden gleams o' day ;
I 'll lo'e thee while there 's licht aboon,
 And stars to stud the breast o' sky,
I 'll lo'e thee till life's day is done,
 And bless thee wi' my latest sigh.

R. HAMILTON.

June 1.

MARJORAM.—*Blushes.*

Her cheeks are damask roses, blown in June,
 Being equally with virgin lilies mixt;
Or snowy milk with blushing strawberries strewn,
 Where equal strife, the red and white betwixt;

Or pure vermillion on white satin shown,
By painter's rarest skill and pencil fixt ;
Those cheeks no color's liveliest dye can paint.
Scarlet and snow seem to their true ones faint !

PORDAGE.

June 2.

DOUBLE RED PINK.—*Unchanging Love.*

I cannot forget him !
I try to be gay,
To quell the wild sorrow
That rises alway ;

But wilder and darker
It swells as I try ;
If *heaven* could forget him,
So never can I !

MRS. OSGOOD.

June 3.

YELLOW PINK.—*Disdain.*

Go girl ! In gaudy gardens thou wilt bloom,
Far from the silent vales of peace and love ;
On fluttering foplings lavish thy perfume
And deck the fickle wreath that Folly wove !

LOVIBOND.

June 4.

DAILY ROSE.—*A Smile.*

For some she feels her bosom pant,
For some she feels it smart ;
To all she gives enchanting smiles,—
To *one* she gives her heart. LOVIBOND.

June 5.

LANCASTER ROSE.—*Marriage.*

Let no repugnance to a single state,
Lead to a union with a worthless mate ;
A single lady, though advanced in life,
Is much more happy than an ill-matched wife.

ANON.

June 6.

THORN-APPLE.—*Deceitfulness.*

Women of kind have conditions three :
The first is,—they be full of deceit,
To spinne also is their property,
And women have a wonderful conceit,
For they can weep oft, and all is a sleight,
And ever when they list, a tear is in the eye,
Beware, therefore,—the blind eateth many a fly.

CHAUCER.

June 7.

RED TULIP. — *Declaration of Love.*

There is a broad and placid stream,
In Oregon's deep solitudes ;
There stilly sleeps the moon's pale beam,
And silence in its bosom broods ;
But deep, and broad, and grand, and free,
It marcheth to the open sea !

And thus the current of my love, —
Like Oregon's majestic sweep,
Silent and still, — yet broad and deep !

J. W. H.

June 8.

VARIEGATED TULIP. — *Splendid Eyes.*

Longwhile I sought to what I might compare
Those powerful eyes which lighten my dark sprite ;
Yet find I naught on earth to which I dare
Resemble the image of their goodly light.
Not to the Sun, — for they do shine by night ; —
Not to the Moone, — for they are changéd never ;
Not to the Stars, — for they have purer sight ; —
Not to the fire, — for they consume not ever.
Then to their Maker's self they likest be,
Whose light doth lighten all that here we see.

SPENCER.

June 9.

THYME.—*Activity.*

I am not old,—though years have cast
Their shadows on my way;
I am not old,—though youth has passed,
On rapid wings away.
For in my heart a fountain flows,
And round it pleasant thoughts repose;
And sympathies, and feelings high,
Spring like stars on evening's sky.

PARK BENJAMIN.

June 10.

POMEGRANATE.—*Foolishness.*

A cold, calm star looked out of heaven,
And smiled upon a tranquil lake,
Where, pure as angel's dream at even,
A Lily lay but half awake.

The flower felt that fatal smile,
And lowlier bowed her conscious head;
"Why does he gaze on me the while?"
The light, deluded Lily said.

Poor dreaming flower! too soon beguiled,
She cast not thought nor look elsewhere,
Else she had known the star but smiled,
To see himself reflected there. MRS. OSGOOD.

June 11.

BLACK POPLAR.—*Courage.*

All around thee, fair with flowers,
Fields of Beauty sleeping lie;
All around thee clarion voices
Call to Duty, stern and high.

T. B. THAYER.

June 12.

PRICKLY PEAR.—*Dinna Forget.*

Thou canst not forget me. The past has been
fraught
With emotions too deep to be lightly effaced,
In the core of thy heart—in the depths of thy
thought,
In letters of lava that passion is traced
In thy weal and thy wo,—in thy joy, and regret,
Thou wilt not, thou *must* not, thou *canst* not forget.

ANON.

June 13.

POTATOE-BLOSSOM.—*Beneficence.*

Oh! simple goodness has a charm,
Though it may be all still, and calm,
More than the lays of sweetest lyre,

Or ought that genius may inspire.
Ay! greater far, and surer still,
Than aught that comes of art or skill.

MISS FARLEY.

June 14.

MOUNTAIN PINK. — *Aspiration.*

I fain would soar to yon bright worlds of light,
And hear the music of the rolling spheres,
And with Creation's organ-choir unite,
In anthem tunes to Him of endless years.
O! for a freedom from low, grovelling thought,
From glittering toys, and littleness of mind!
O! for that wealth that never can be bought,
Thought pure and high, and sentiment refined.

LOWELL OFFERING. (M. A.)

June 15.

WILD PLUM. — *Independence.*

I remember one that perished. Sweetly did she
speak and move;
Such a one do I remember, whom to look at was to
love.
Can I think of her as dead, and love her for the
love she bore?
No! she never loved me truly; love is love forever
more!

TENNYSON.

June 16.

FLY ORCHIS.—*Error.*

Owning her weakness—
Her evil behavior,—
And leaving with meekness,
Her sins,—to her Savior!

HOOD.

June 17.

PALM.—*Spiritual.*

Minstrels sing of Beauty's power,
Sages yield to Beauty's spells ;
Warrior's quail 'neath Beauty's eye,
Prithee say where Beauty dwells !

Ah ! the cheek and eye will *fade* !
Beauty owns immortal grace ;
Throned she sits within the soul,
There is Beauty's dwelling-place !

MISS VANDENHOFF.

June 18.

MUSTARD-SEED.—*Indifference.*

She 's pretty, I agree,
But she dances, sir, you see ;
And I would n't give a fig
For a dancing whirligig !

ANON.

June 19.

MULBERRY TREE.—*Kindness.*

The beautiful humanities
Of nature, in the humblest dress,
Speak to our sweetest sympathies,
Far more than language can express !

JAS. NACK.

June 20.

BLACK MULBERRY.—*I shall not survive you.*

Fail me not thou ! This feeling past,
My heart would never rouse again ;
Thou art the brightest — but the last !
And if this trust, this love is vain, - -
If thou, all peerless as thou art,
Be not less fair, than true of heart —
My loves are o'er ! The sun will shine
Upon no grave so hushed, as this dark breast of
mine !

WILLIS.

June 21.

PEONY.—*Shame.*

Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude!
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.

Heigho! sing heigho! under the green holly!
Most friendship is feigning—most loving, mere
folly.

SHAKSPEARE.

June 22.

PASSION FLOWER.—*Faith.*

Ah, no! my dying lips shall close,
Unaltered love, as faith professing;
Nor, (praising him who life bestows,)
Forget who makes that life a blessing.
My last address to Heaven is due;—
My last but one, I give to you.

LOVIBOND.

June 23.

PASQUE FLOWER.—*I have no claims.*

I seem to myself an unsightly weed,
Growing up in a bright parterre,
Where the perfume of flowers is silently shed
On the wings of the balmy air.

The high trees are waving above, and around,
Whose branches with happy notes ring,
While 'neath them a shade for the weary is found,
But I am a vain useless thing.

Oh, why was I placed here? No pleasure I yield;
None look upon me with delight;
More fitting for me, were some wild, barren field,
Than a garden so blooming and bright.

LOWELL OFFERING. (Y. M.)

June 24.

HEMP.—*Fate*

Oh! far on Being's shores, where dimly lower
The mists of guilt before the sunniest light,
I feel myself by some resistless power,
Swiftly impelled, nor see my way aright.

Groping, confused, I seek my destination,—
May ne'er my feeble strength Sin's forces aid;
Nor be it mine to scatter desolation
On aught that He, the Holy One hath made.

MISS LARCOM.

June 25.

HOLLY-HOCK.—*Ambition.*

The vain desires which animate mankind,
The yearning after wealth, and power, and fame,
To these,—oh! let me evermore be blind,
And seek for heaven, *not* earth, to gain a name.

Be mine the bliss to dry the orphan's tear,
To guide the wandering, succor the distressed;
And find thus, better than a victor's crown,
The consciousness of Right within my breast.

J. L. ORDWAY.

June 26.

SWEET SCABIOUS.—*Widowhood.*

Like lamps in Eastern sepulchres,
Amid my heart's deep gloom,
Affection sheds its holiest light
Upon my husband's tomb.
And as those lamps, if brought once more
To upper air, grow dim,
So my soul's love is cold, and dead,
Unless it glow for him.

MRS. EMBURY.

June 27.

SCHINUS.—*Marriage.*

Though fools spurn Hymen's gentle powers,
We, who improve his golden hours,
 By sweet experience know,
That marriage, rightly understood,
Gives to the tender and the good,
 A paradise below.

COLTON.

June 28.

SNAPDRAGON.—*Indiscretion.*

How often thoughtless acts have severed
 The links of Friendship's golden chain !
And when is gone that sweet communion,
 What can replace its loss again ?

A careless word, though lightly spoken,
 Has often caused that heart to sigh,
Which, frail and gentle as a flower,
 With one cold word would fade and die !

J. L. ORDWAY.

June 29.

JOHN'S WORT.—*Simplicity.*

She'd rather be a simple maid,
And owe to *Nature* all her bloom,
Than turn to *Fashion's* glass for aid,
And flaunt beneath a borrowed plume.

ANON.

June 30.

SUNFLOWER.—*False appearance.*

Love in her sunny eyes does basking play,
Love walks the pleasant mazes of her hair;
Love does on both her lips for ever stay,
And sows and reaps a thousand kisses there.
Yes, Love is seen on every outward part,
But never in the heart! COWLEY.

July 1.

SYCAMORE.—*Grief.*

And this is all I have left now,
Silence and solitude and tears;
The memory of a broken vow,
My blighted hopes, my wasted years!

ANON.

July 2.

XANTHIUM.—*Rudeness.*

Away! away! You 're all the same,
A fluttering, smiling, jilting throng !
Upon my soul I burn with shame,
To think I 've been your slave so long !

Still panting o'er a crowd to reign ;
More joy it gives to woman's breast,
To make ten frigid coxcombs vain,
Than one true, manly lover blest. MOORE.

July 3.

WOOD-SORREL.—*Joy.*

Tranquilly, tranquilly, even thus I live,
While everything around me, doth a fragrance give ;
In everything there 's joy for me,
In the land and in the sea,
In the boundless sky ;
In each little smiling flower,
Peering from its shady bower,
Doth a beauty lie.

ANON.

July 4.

WATER-WILLOW.—*Freedom.*

I see a little merry maiden,
With laughing eye and sunny hair,
With foot as free as mountain fairy,
And heart and spirit light as air ;
And hand and fancy active ever,
Devising, doing, striving still ;
Defeated oft, despairing never,
Up springing strong in hope and will.

ANONYMOUS.

July 5.

CROWN OF ROSES.—*Virtue*

Oh ! the light of Virtue is pure and unfading !
It hath more esteem than the gems that decay ;
'T will gleam when the chill damps of death are
invading,
And light thee and cheer thee along the dark way !

E. R. H.

July 6.

WHITE ROSE BUD.—*Too young to marry.*

I'm o'er young, I'm o'er young,
I'm o'er young to marry yet,
I'm o'er young, 't would be a sin
To take me from my mammy yet! BURNS.

July 7.

RED ROSE BUD.—*Pure.*

There ever doth whisper a still, small voice
To the world within;
It saith to thy weary heart, "Rejoice!
Be free from sin!" J. W. H.

July 8.

WHITE ROSE.—*I would be single.*

How uneasy is his life,
Who is troubled with a wife!
Be she ne'er so fair or comely,
Be she foul or be she homely,
Be she blithe or melancholy,
Have she wit, or have she folly,
Be she prudent, be she squandering,
Be she staid, or be she wandering,
Yet uneasy is his life
Who is married to a wife

COTTON.

July 9.

DOG ROSE.—*Pain and Pleasure.*

When love was stricken with disgust,
At the cold world's unnatural sway,
He shook in scorn the golden dust,
From his transparent feet away,—
And sought in pilgrim-weeds, a spot
For penance fit,—lone, dark, and bare,
Where even Hope's wan bloom was not,—
He found my heart, and laid him there!

R. M. MILNES.

July 10.

FIG TREE.—*A Kiss.*

Her lips are snips of scarlet, July flowers
Spread with the tincture of vermillion hue ;
Blessed in self-kisses ; past our human powers
To touch ; so high a bliss what mortal knew ?
Between those ruby gates slide spicy showers,
Which those, slain by her eyes, with life imbue ;
Angelic sounds, and charming smiles so nice
Hence flow, which make her presence Paradise.

PORDAGE.

July 11.

ANGELICA.—*Inspiration.*

Hearest thou that voice ?
That voice mysterious in thy throbbing heart,
Chaunting in muffled tones e'er thou depart ?

Hear and rejoice !
That strange deep tone within thine heart's abode,
Chaunting low music, is the voice of God !

J. W. H.

July 12.

BASIL.—*Hatred of the other sex.*

Clara was told, if past a certain age,
Her lovely spirit left this mortal stage,—
(An adage known full well ;)
She must, as all yclept old maidens must,
Below this ball of mud, and rocks, and dust,
Lead frightful apes in hell !
She said, if such must be her future lot,
Resigned, she would not mourn a single jot ;
She 'd rather lead a thousand down below,
Than one should lead her now !

J. W. H.

July 13.

ASPHODEL.—*Unending Regret.*

O, could I feel as I have felt, or be what I have
been,
Or weep as I could once have wept o'er many a
vanished scene,
As springs in deserts found, seem sweet, though
brackish still they be,
So midst the withered waste of life, those tears would
flow to me. BYRON.

July 14.

BAY.—*Fadeless Affection.*

I have loved thee on earth, and none other shall
share
The affection to which thou gav'st rise ;
To follow thee now will I only prepare,
And meet thee again in the skies. ANON.

July 15.

BELLADONNA.—*Loneliness.*

Lonely I am, even as a cloud
That floats along the azure vault of heaven,
In the mute midnight silently —
My thoughts I may not tell, nor feelings speak —
Dreams of other days flit through my brain,
Mute as the shadow of a passing bird ! ANON.

July 16.

BELL-FLOWER.—*Constancy.*

She loves him yet!
The flower the false one gave her
When last he came,
Is still with her wild tears wet.
She 'll ne'er forget,
Howe'er his faith may waver,
Through grief and shame,
Believe it,—she loves him yet!

MRS. OSGOOD.

July 17.

BILBERRY.—*Treachery.*

O, maiden fair! how faithless is thy bosom!
To love me in prosperity,
And leave me in adversity!
O, maiden fair! how faithless is thy bosom!
The meadow brook is mirror of thy falsehood!
It flows so long as falls the rain!
In drought its springs soon dry again!
The meadow brook is mirror of thy falsehood!

LONGFELLOW.

July 18.

BITTERSWEET.—*Truth.*

As there are shells in yonder hoary deep
Have caught a rose tint from the orb of light,
All delicately shadowed o'er, despite
The slimy things, and terrible that keep
Dark dwelling there, and in corruption steep,—
So treads her way 'mid sin and wrong, my bright
And pure of soul; though all around is night,
Thy thoughts, thy will, in beams of brightness
sleep!

ANON.

July 19.

BRAMBLE.—*Weariness.*

When will the unwelcome, weary day be done?
Time loiters ever when we'd have him fly;
The sun lags on his course,—the sands un-run;
The glare of day-time will not leave the sky;
Ah! light of love, there is no more;
What sighs, what tears, what vain regrets are
mine;
What foolish grief, for it cannot restore
Quiet unto my breast, or tenderness to thine.

ANON.

July 20.

BULRUSH. — *Independence.*

We've learned to love without each other,
Though once we thought the lesson vain;
The pangs of wounded pride I'll smother
And be myself again!

MRS. C. B. WILSON.

July 21.

CANTERBURY-BELL. — *Constancy in Adversity.*

Then come the wild weather, come sleet, or come snow,
We will stand by each other however it blow.
Oppression, and sickness, and sorrow, and pain,
Shall be to our true love, as links to the chain.

LONGFELLOW.

July 22.

CELANDINE. — *Joys to come.*

Is it not sweet to think hereafter,
When the spirit leaves this sphere,
Love, with deathless wing, shall waft her
To those she long has mourned for here?
Oh! if no other boon were given,
To keep our hearts from wrong and stain,
Who would not strive to win a heaven
Where all we love shall meet again? MOORE.

July 23.

INDIAN PLUM.—*Privation.*

In vain to me the smiling mornings shine,
And reddening Phoebus lifts his golden fire ;
These ears, alas ! for other notes repine,
A different object do these eyes require ;
My lonely anguish melts no heart but mine ;
And in my breast the imperfect joys expire ;
I fruitless mourn for one that cannot hear,
And weep the more, because I weep in vain.

GRAY.

July 24.

WHITE LILAC.—*Youthful looks.*

Maiden, that read'st this simple rhyme,
Enjoy thy youth, it will not stay ;
Enjoy the fragrance of thy prime,
For oh ! it is not always May.

Enjoy the spring of love and youth,
To some good angel leave the rest ;
For Time will teach thee soon the truth,—
There are no birds in last year's nest.

LONGFELLOW.

July 25.

LILAC.—*First emotions of Love.*

When first thou camest, gentle, shy and fond,
My purest, first-born love, and dearest treasure,
My heart received thee with a joy beyond
All that it yet had felt of earthly pleasure ;
Nor thought that any love again might be
So deep and strong, as that I felt for thee.

MRS. NORTON.

July 26.

MAGNOLIA.—*You are a Lover of Nature*

How sweetly bland do Nature's gentle fingers
Lift from my brow the damp and sickly hair,
And fan the faint fire with her cheerful air
That in my feeble dim eyes scarcely lingers.
Oh ! who these sweet and heaven-like retreats,
Would give for hot, and dry, and dusty streets ?
Where squalid WANT doth reach her skinny hand,
And CRIME sits leering in ungodly glee,
And keen FRAUD in the market-place doth stand,
And SIN and WRONG conspire, to crush sick
POVERTY !

J. W. II.

July 27.

LONDON PRIDE.—*Frivolity.*

You oftentimes can mark upon the street,
 The gilded toy whom fashion idolizes ;
 Heartless and fickle, swelled with self conceit,
 Avoiding alway what good sense advises.
 Who flutters like the butterfly while burns his sun,
 Nor afterwards is missed when life is done.

W. H. C.

July 28.

MOONWORT.—*Unfortunate.*

Alas ! earth's ties with her are like the wave,
 That brightly clasps the shore,
 Then breaks and seeks its grave !

T. C. UPHAM.

July 29.

VERBENA.—*Hope in Darkness.*

God is nigh,
 Ev'n then when far away he seemeth,
 When hope of freedom none appears,
 Believe so best for thee he deemeth :
 He in his time will dry thy tears.

God is nigh !

ULRICH.

July 30.

PATAGONIAN MINT. — *Virtue.*

Flee from the crowd, and be to virtue true,
Content with what thou hast, though it be small !
To hoard brings hate ; — nor lofty things pursue ;
He who climbs high, endangers many a fall.
Envy 's a shade that ever waits on fame,
And oft the sun that raises it, will hide ;
Trace not in life a vast, expansive scheme,
But be thy wishes to thy state allied.
Be mild to others, to thyself severe,
So truth shall shield thee both from hurt and fear.

CHAUCER.

July 31.

OSIER. — *Frankness.*

Wretched and foolish jealousie,
Thou cannot ever enter me !
I ne'er was of thy kind ;
Nor have I yet that narrow mind
To vent that poore desire,
That others should not warm them at my fire.
I wish the sun would shine,
On all men's fruits and flowers, as well as mine.

JONSON.

August 1.

BURGUNDY ROSE.—*Simplicity.*

The nymph-like robe, the natural grace,
The smile, the nature of the face,
 Refinement without art ;
The eye where pure affection beams,
The tear from tenderness that streams,
 The accents of the heart ;
The trembling frame, the living cheek,
Where blushes, like the morning break, —
 Thy beauties these.

LOGAN.

August 2.

DAMASK ROSE.—*Bashful Love.*

I cannot when present, unfold what I feel,
 I sigh — can a lover do more ?
Her name to my friends I can never reveal,
 Yet I think of her all the day o'er.
My dearest, oh say, do you long for my love,
 Do you sigh for an interview soon ?
Oh ! cast a kind look upon me as you rove,
 Alone by the light of the moon !

LOGAN.

August 3.

MOSS ROSE.—*Superior Merit.*

Her temper, like her forehead, smooth ;
Her thoughts and accents formed to soothe ;
Her pleasing mein, and grace refined,
Are not so polished as her mind.

SHENSTONE.

August 4.

MORNING GLORY.—*She loves you.*

I am loved ! I am loved ! Jubilate !
Hark ! hark ! how the happy note swells !
To and fro from the breezy bells,
With which the forest melodiously,
To their banquet halls invite the bee ;—
“ He is loved ! he is loved ! Jubilate ! ”

BULWER.

August 5.

HUNDRED-LEAVED ROSE.—*Dignity of Mind.*

Oh ! 't is great, godlike, to spurn
All low and grovelling things ;
And with quenchless ardor yearn
For Intellect's pure springs, —
To climb the highest heights of fame,
And write a glorious, deathless name !

ANON.

August 6.

SARDONY. — *Invitation.*

Come, loved one, come ! thy fears forsake, —

My heart could ne'er dissemble, —

The day is sleeping, — Love 's awake ;

What 's here should make thee tremble ?

Come, loved one, come !

ANON.

August 7.

SAINTFOIN. — *Trust in God.*

Trust in God !

Thou forlorn one, cease thy moan ;

All thy pain, and all thy sorrow,

Are to God the highest known.

He leaves thee now, but helps tomorrow.

Trust in God !

Hold to God !

The blows He deals in love are given,

That thy soul's health may better fare ;

So mayst thou know the fear of heaven.

Confide in His paternal care.

Hold to God !

ULRICH.

August 8.

SCABIOUS.—*Unfortunate Attachment.*

No more, — no more, — Oh ! never more on me,
The freshness of the heart can fall like dew ;
Which out of all the lovely things we see,
Extracts emotions, beautiful and new,
Hived in our bosoms like the bag o' the bee ?
Thickest thou the honey with those objects grew ?
Alas ! 't was not in them, but in thy power,
To double even the sweetness of a flower.

BYRON.

August 9.

WITCH-HAZEL.—*Changeable.*

For she is gracious, if she be observed,
She hath a tear for pity, and a hand
Open as the day for melting charity ;
Yet notwithstanding, being incensed, she 's flint ;
As humorsome as winter, and as sudden
As flaws congealed in the spring of day.
Her temper, therefore, must be well observed.
Chide her for faults, and do it reverently.

SHAKSPEARE.

August 10.

WHORTLEBERRY.—*Treachery.*

Thy deceits
Give us clearly to comprehend,
Whither tend
All thy pleasures, all thy sweets !
They are cheats,
Thorns below, and flowers above.
Ah Love !
Perjured, false, treacherous Love !

LONGFELLOW.

August 11.

WILLOW-HERB.—*Pretension.*

Ah ! sad it is when lips have spoken,
And love on one hath set his token,
To find the heart we deemed our own,
Vibrates not with a single tone
Of those intense and passionate lays
It feigned so well in other days !

ANON.

August 12.

VINE. — *Intoxication.*

Go, where he dwells when revelry is o'er ;—
How on its rusty hinges creaks the door ;—
A single brand is mouldering on the hearth ;
The children show no bliss, no wonted mirth ;
Their mouths are hungry, and their limbs are bare ;
The stupid father nods, drunk in his broken chair.

T. C. UPHAM.

August 13.

VETCH. — *Shyness.*

The stillest stream descries the greatest deepe ;
The clearest sky is subject to a shower ;
Conceit's most sweet, when as it seems to sleepe ;
And fairest days do in the morning lower :
The silent groves sweet nymphs they cannot miss,
And Love loves most, where love most secret is.

The rarest jewels hidden virtue yield,
The sweet of traffique is a secret gaine ;
The year once old doth show a barren field,
And plants seem dead, and yet they spring again ;
Cupid is blinde, — the reason why, is this :
Love loveth most, when love most secret is. ANON.

August 14.

THRIFT. — *Sympathy for the fallen.*

Sweet rose, fair flower, untimely plucked, soon faded,

Plucked in the bud, and faded in the spring !

Bright orient pearl ! alack ! too early shaded !

Fair creature killed too soon by death's sharp sting !

Like a green plum that hangs upon a tree,

And falls, through wind, before the fall should be.

SHAKSPEARE.

August 15:

THROATWORT. — *Neglected beauty.*

Alone ! alone ! how drear it is always to be alone !

In such a depth of wilderness, the only thinking one !

The waters in their path rejoice, the trees together sleep —

But I have not one silver voice upon my ear to creep !

WILLIS.

August 16.

BUTTERFLY ORCHIS. — *Domestic Quiet.*

How I could love

Some peaceful spot where we might dwell unknown,
Where homeborn joys might nestle round our hearts
As swallows round our roofs, — and blend their sweets,

Like dewy-tangled flowrets in one bed. FESTUS.

August 17.

PEAR.—*Affection.*

Joyful,
Or woful,—
Be thankful and glad,—
Sighing,
Or crying,
With sorrow be sad,—
Rejoice to the skies,
Down to death be thou driven,
Only the loving soul dwelleth in heaven!

From GOETHE. J. W. H.

August 18.

BLUE PERIWINKLE.—*Early Love.*

Our first young love resembles
That short, but brilliant ray,
Which smiles, and weeps, and trembles,
Through April's earliest day.
No,—no,—let life before us
Bring all the light it may,
'T will shed no lustre o'er us
Like that first trembling ray. MOORE.

August 19.

PIMPERNEL.—*Faithlessness.*

False is your flattering color, false and fading ;
False is your flattering tongue, false every part ;
Your hair is forged, your silver forehead shading ;
False are your eyes, but falsest is your heart.
This then, in consequence must needs ensue,
All must be false, when every part 's untrue.
And what a thoughtless, headstrong fool am I
To grasp the wind, and love inconstancy !

P. FLETCHER.

August 20.

CROW-FOOT.—*Brilliancy.*

Do but look on her eyes ! they do light
All that love's world compriseth ;
Do but look on her hair ! it is bright
As love's star, when it riseth !
Do but mark, — her forehead 's smoother
Than words that soothe her !
And from her arched brows such a grace
Sheds itself through the face,
As alone there triumphs to the life,
All the gain, all the good, of the element's strife.

JONSON.

August 21.

CUCKOO PLANT.—*Ardor.*

Be thou thankful, and rejoice in
All the beauty God has given ;
But beware it does not win thee
From the work ordained of heaven.

REV. T. B. THAYER.

August 22.

BUNCH OF Currants.—*You please all.*

Bring, Flora, bring thy treasures here,
The pride of all the blooming year ;
And let me thence, a garland frame
To crown this fair, this peerless dame.

SHENSTONE.

August 23.

DAFFODIL.—*Contentment.*

How much more happy is that sweet estate,
That neither creeps too low nor soars too high ;
Which yields no matter for contempt or hate,
Which others not disdain, nor yet envy,
Which neither does nor takes an injury,
But living to itself in sweet content,
Is neither abject, nor yet insolent.

1629. HERBERT.

August 24.

DAHLIA.—*Elegance and Dignity.*

Her youthful form was such an one as painters love
to trace,
With glossy hair and dark deep eyes, and motions
full of grace.
And brightly flashed the glittering gems amid her
raven hair,
While oriental pearls were twined around her arms
so fair.
But whiter shone her polished teeth than pearl or
flashing gems,
And brighter beamed her sparkling eye than costly
diadems.

W. H. C.

August 25.

SWEET FLAG.—*Fitness.*

O ! sweet as music's silvery tones,
Borne in the moonlight o'er a summer sea,
Or spirit-voices to the parting soul,
Are kindly words to those, earth's stricken ones,
Who suffer and are sad. Tears shed
For them and human misery, the angels bear
To heaven to gem their starry crowns !

D. H. JAQUES.

August 26.

LIFE EVERLASTING.—*Continual happiness.*

Mayst thou long, sweet crimson gem,
Richly deck thy native stem ;
Till some evening, sober, calm,
Dropping dews and breathing balm,
While all around the woodland rings,
And every bird thy requiem sings ;
Thou, amid the dirgeful sound,
Shed thy dying honors round,
And resign to parent earth,
The loveliest form she e'er gave birth.

BURNS.

August 27.

FILBERT.—*Reconciliation.*

Come, let us now resolve at last,
To live and love in quiet ;
We 'll tie the knot so very fast,
That time shall ne'er untie it.

When least I seemed concerned, I took
No pleasure, nor no rest ;
And when I feigned an angry look,
Alas ! I loved you best.

BUCKINGHAMSHIRE.

August 28.

FLAX.—*Genius.*

Oh! he is a fierce Byronic beau,
He scorns all things mean and low;
He drinks gin and water,—his favorite dish
Is vinegar, poured on a little fish.
And oh! his diet makes him sublime,
And he is dreadfully given to rhyme!

HALLECK.

August 29.

FLOWER OF AN HOUR.—*Frailty.*

Ah, heedless girl! why thus disclose
What ne'er was meant for other ears?
Why thus destroy thine own repose,
And dig the source of future tears?

Oh! thou wilt weep, imprudent maid,
While lurking, envious foes will smile,
For all the follies thou hast said,
Of those who spoke but to beguile. BYRON.

August 30.

FLOWERING REED.—*Rely on God.*

Whatever happens, happy in thy mind
Be thou; nor at thy lot in life repine;
He scapes all ill whose bosom is resigned;
Nor way nor weather shall be always fine.
Beside, thy home's not here; a journey this;
A pilgrim thou; then hie thee on thy way;
Look up to God, intent on heavenly bliss,
Take what the road affords, and praises pay;
Shun brutal lusts, and seek the soul's high sphere;
And God will shield thee both from hurt and fear.

CHAUCER.

August 31.

FOX-GLOVE.—*Insincerity.*

Look as it is with some true April day,
Whose various weather stores the world with
flowers;
The sun his glorious beams doth fair display,
Then rains, and shines again, then straight it
lowers.
And twenty changes in one hour doth prove;
So, and more changing, lady, is your love.

P. FLETCHER.

September 1.

FUMITORY.—*Ill at ease.*

All things unto me
Shew their dark sides! Somewhere there must be
light.

Oh! I feel like a seed in the cold earth;
Quicken at heart, and pining for the air!
Passion is destiny. The heart is its own
Fate. It is well youth's gold rubs off soon.

FESTUS.

September 2.

HELENIUM.—*Tears.*

Nightly tears have dimed the lustre
Of thy sweet eyes, once so bright.
And, as when dark willows cluster,
Weeping o'er marble rocks,
O'er thy forehead white
Droop thy waving locks.
Yet thou art beautiful, poor girl,
As angels in distress,
Yea, comforting the soul, dear girl,
With thy loveliness.

TUPPER.

September 3.

HEPATICA.—*Confidence.*

The bird

Let loose, to his far home will flee ;

And love though breathed but on a word,
Will find thee over land and sea.Though clouds across the sky have driven,
We trust the star at last will shine,And like the very light of Heaven
I trust thy love. *Trust thou in mine.* WILLIS.

September 4.

HOYA.—*Sculpture.*

Her brow is white and low, her cheeks' pure dye

Like twilight, rosy still with the set sun ;

Short upper lip,—sweet lips ! that make us sigh

Ever to have seen such ;—for she is one

Fit for the model of a statuary,—

A race of mere imposters, when all 's done

I 've seen much finer women, ripe and real,

Than all the nonsense of their stone ideal !

BYRON.

September 5.

HUMBLE PLANT.—*Despondency.*

Alone walking,
 In thought plaining, } All desolate,—
 And sore sighing,
 Me remembering } Early and late ;—
 Of my living, }
 And death wishing
 Unfortunate } Out of measure,
 Is so my fate, }
 That wot she what
 My life I hate : } Do I endure !
 Thus desperate
 In such poor estate,

CHAUCER. 1870.

September 6.

IRIS.—*Pleasant Message.*

May Time, who sheds his blight o'er all,
 And daily dooms some joy to death,—
 O'er thee, let years so gently fall,
 They shall not crush one flower beneath !

MOORE.

September 7.

LILY OF THE VALLEY.—*Return of Happiness.*

Ella! sad clouds have always round my spirit
Gathered thick darkness to engloom my way ;
I 've thought my life would never more inherit
The golden radiance of a sunlit day.

But you arose across my soul's horizon
And gilt the clouds that darkly thronged me
round,

And my sad song,— Kyrie, Kyrie, eleison !
Became Io ! Eureka ! I have found ! J. W. H.

September 8.

MADDER.—*Talkative.*

This maiden's sparkling eyes
Are pretty, and all that, sir ;
But her little tongue
Is quite too full of chat, sir ! MOORE.

September 9

MONKSHOOD.—*Gallantry.*

Love is catching from such teeth ;
Delicate little pearl-white wedges,
All transparent at the edges. FESTUS.

September 10.

TEAR DROP.—*Happy Love.*

Peace be around thee, wherever thou rovest;
May life be for thee one summer's day,
And all that thou wishest, and all that thou lovest,
Come smiling around thy sunny way!
If sorrow e'er this calm should break,
May e'en thy tears pass off so lightly,
Like spring showers, they 'll only make
The smiles that follow shine more brightly!

MOORE.

September 11.

CRANBERRY.—*Cure for heart-ache.*

Yes! thou wert false, and sorely pained
My heart hath been, although not broken;
I've pondered on the lesson gained
From promises so lightly spoken.

My love is now its own relief:
My fancy 's free, since thou hast willed it,
The only wonder is,—in brief,—
That such a being ever filled it!

O. S. M. ORDWAY.

September 12.

JONQUIL.—*Longings.*

Dark mournful spirits sadly throng the arena
Of life; a wild and bloody sea of waves,
Fatal to hope and faith, is beating madly
'Gainst the faint spirit.

Lull me to rest then, with thy gentle murmurs,
Like mother-music heard in balmy slumber,—
That I may know the life, serene and glorious,
Of the first human spirit!

Heydenreich. — J. W. H.

September 13.

LOVE IN A SNARL.—*Embarrassment.*

Heigho! for a husband! heigho!
There 's danger in longer delay!
Shall I never again have a beau?
Will nobody marry me, pray?
I begin to feel strange, I declare!
With beauty my prospects will fade,—
I 'd give myself up to despair
If I thought I should die an old maid.

MORRIS.

September 14.

ACACIA.—*Platonic Love.*

Once fondly loved, and still remembered dear,
Sweet early object of my youthful vows,
Accept this mark of *friendship*, warm, sincere,—
Friendship! 't is all cold duty now allows.

And when you read the simple, artless rhymes,
One friendly sigh for him, (he asks no more,)
Who distant burns, in flaming torrid climes,
Or haply lies 'neath the Atlantic's roar.

BURNS.

September 15.

ROSE ACACIA.—*Elegance.*

Her glossy hair is clustered o'er a brow
Bright with intelligence, and fair and smooth;
Her eyebrow's shape is like the aerial bow,
Her cheek all purple with the beam of youth,
Mounting at times to a transparent glow,
As if her veins run lightning; she, in sooth
Has a proud air, and grace by no means common,
Her stature tall,—I hate a dumpy woman.

BYRON.

September 16.

ADONIS. — *Sorrowful Recollections.*

'T is done ! I saw it in my dreams,—
No more with hope the future beams !

My days of happiness are few :
Chilled by misfortune's wintry blast,
My dawn of life is overcast ;
Love, hope, and joy, alike adieu :
Would I could add remembrance too !

BYRON.

September 17.

BOX. — *Stoicism.*

Adieu, ye vain, low-thoughted cares,
Ye human hopes and human fears,
Ye pleasures and ye pains !
For now o'er all my soul, I feel
A philosophic calmness steal ;
A stoic silence reigns.

WHITEHEAD.

September 18.

BUTTERCUP.—*Ingratitude.*

Behold, false maid, yon hornèd light, —
Which in heaven's arch doth range,
And view thyself a part of it, —
Yet she but once a month does change.

The raging sea, the uncertain air,
Or, what does yet more change admit,
Of variations emblems are ;
When thou, and only thou, art it. COTTON.

September 19.

CABBAGE.—*Self-willed.*

Oh ! she 's really a charming woman, —
But have you observed, by-the-by,
A something that 's rather uncommon,
In the flash of her very bright eye ?
It may be a fancy of mine,
(Though her voice has a rather sharp tone,)
But I 'm told that these charming women
Are apt to have wills of their own !

MRS. P. BLACKWOOD.

September 20.

CHINA PINK.—*Aversion.*

As a low trailing vine,
Hath round a young tree twined,
And with its slender tendrils,
Sought the proud tree to bind.—
Till the wild tempest came,
And tore it from its side,
And all along the earth
It darkly, sadly died,—
So the winds of scorn and pride,
Have swept my heart from thine,
And though I *die* without thee,
Thou never shalt be mine! J. W. H.

September 21.

CORN.—*Quarrel.*

I will not ask thee to return
Each *gage d'amour* or lover's token,
Which I had given thee, before
The links between us had been broken.
They were not much,—but oh, that brooch!
If for my sake thou 'st deigned to save it,
For that at least I must encroach;
It was n't mine, although I gave it! ANON.

September 22.

COWSLIP.—*Pensiveness.*

Full many a glorious morning have I seen
Flatter the mountain tops with sovereign eye,
Kissing with golden face the meadows green,
Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchemy,—
Anon permit the basest clouds to ride
With ugly rack on his celestial face,
And from the forlorn world his visage hide,
Stealing unseen to west, with this disgrace :
Even so my sun, one early morn did shine,
But out ! alack ! he was but one hour mine !

SHAKSPEARE.

September 23.

IVY SPRIG.—*Longings.*

Would I were with thee when the day is breaking,
And when the moon hath lit the lone sea ; —
Or when in crowds, some careless note awaking,
Speaks to thy heart in memory of me.
In joy or pain, by sea or shore,
Would I were with thee evermore ! ANON.

September 24.

CRESSES.—*Roving.*

I have no wife! and like a wave,
Can float away to any land,
Curl up and kiss, or gently lave
The sweetest flowers that are at hand.
A pilgrim, I can bend before
The shrine which heart and mind approve,
Or, Persian-like, I can adore
Each star that gems the heaven of Love.

ANON.

September 25.

CROCUS.—*I am his.*

He 'll never die for love I know!
He flirts and kneels at many shrines!
He 'll never die for love, nor wear
Upon his brow the mark of care.

I love him, but I can't say why;
And though for me he would not die,
I feel that I should love to lie
In the cold grave all silently,
If he would strew upon my bier
Sweet flowrets wet with one true tear.

ANON.

September 26.

DOCK.—*Shrewdness.*

Oh ! she is a shrewd one ! as keen as a briar !
Though her lip pouts with love, it *can* curl with
dissain !
And her eye, now so soft, can shoot quivering fire,
Ah ! she 's a shrewd one. * * * J. W. H.

September 27.

DANDELION.—*Coquetry.*

Clouds turn with every wind about ;
They keep us in suspense and doubt ;
Yet oft perverse like woman-kind,
Are seen to scud against the wind ;
Is not this lady just the same ?
For who can tell what is her aim ? SWIFT.

September 28.

GOOSEBERRY.—*Regret.*

Ye vanished hours !
I can but weep to count ye o'er,
For ye were like to spring-time flowers,
And I shall never meet ye more,
Amid earth's bowers ! ANON.

September 29.

GUELDER ROSE.—*Young when old.*

Clap your hands! Clap your hands!
Now are broken all the bands
Of dull forms and phantom power,
That would prevent us doing
What joy would wish to do,—
For out of manhood's ruin,
We are growing, hour by hour,
Happy children too!

R. M. MILNES.

September 30.

BLUE BELL.—*Solitude.*

The winds and woods, with sullen wail,
Tell all the same unvaried tale;
I've none to smile when I am free,
Or when I sigh, to sigh with me.

It is not that my lot is low
That bids this silent tear to flow;
It is not grief that bids me moan,
It is that I am all alone!

H. K. WHITE.

October 1.

HORSE-CHESTNUT.—*Luxury.*

When the days are hot, and the sun is strong,
I'd lounge in the gateway all day long ;
I'd care not a pin for the proudest lord,
But I'd lie on my back on the cool green sward,
With a straw in my mouth, and an open vest,
And the cool wind blowing on my breast ;
And I'd vacantly stare at the clear blue sky,
And watch the clouds, as lazy as I.

TENNYSON.

October 2.

JUNIPER.—*Protection.*

I have found out a gift for my fair ;
I have found where the wood-pigeons breed ;
But let me that plunder forbear,
She will say, 't was a barbarous deed.

“ For he ne'er could be true,” she averred,
“ Who could rob a poor bird of its young ; ”
And I loved her the more, when I heard
Such tenderness fall from her tongue.

SHENSTONE.

October 3.

WHEAT.—*You will be rich.*

You are heir
To lordships, mansions, forests, parks, and gems.
You have three mighty manors in Castile ;
Two broad estates in Leon ; two amidst
The mulberry trees of Murcia, and huge chests
Crammed full of ingots, dug by naked slaves,
Who famished on coarse bread. Besides all these,
There bloom plantations in the East, whose fruits
Are pearls, and spice, and princely diamonds ;
And in Brazil, Pactolus floods, ne'er dumb,
Whose waves all talk in gold !

BARRY CORNWALL.

October 4.

VENUS' LOOKING GLASS.—*Flattery.*

At the famous daguerreotype art,
Sweet girl, I must own thou art clever ;
For with one sunny glance on my heart,
Thou hast printed thine image forever.

ANONYMOUS.

October 5.

TURNIP.—*Charity.*

Follow every voice of mercy,
With a trusting, loving heart;
And in all life's earnest labor,
Be thou sure to do thy part!

Now, TO-DAY, and not tomorrow,
Work, oh work, with all thy might!
Lest the wretched faint and perish
In the coming stormy night.

REV. T. B. THAYER.

October 6.

TUBEROSE.—*Voluptuousness.*

Her eyes possess a language and a spell;
A form like Aphrodite's in her shell,
With all her loves around her on the deep,
Voluptuous as the first approach of sleep,
Yet full of life,—for through her tropic cheek
The blush will make its way, and all but speak,
Like coral reddening through the darkened wave
Which draws the diver to its crimson cave.

BYRON.

October 7.

TRAVELLER'S JOY.—*Beauty.*

If on the heath she moves, her breast is whiter than the down of Cana ; if on the sea-beat shore, than the foam of the rolling ocean. Her eyes are two stars of light. Her face is heaven's bow in showers. Her dark hair floats round it, like the streaming clouds. She smiles like the dwellers in Strinadona — Land of Souls.

OSSIAN.

October 8.

TAMERISK.—*Crime.*

Oh, would I were at rest !
My heart is chill and cold !
The grave spreads out its arms so blest,
My spirit to upfold,
Kindly, peacefully !

There 's fire in my brain !
I want the grave's damp mould ;
'T will soften and subdue my pain,
(It is so wet and cold !)
Mildly, blissfully !

J. W. H.

October 9.

SWALLOW-WORT.—*Withered hopes.*

The dream is past! and with it fled
 The hopes that once my passion fed ;
 And darkly die, mid grief and pain,
 The hopes which gone, come not again !

ANON.

October 10.

STOCK.—*Promptitude.*

'T is a lesson you should heed,
 Try again ;
 If at first you do n't succeed,
 Try again ;
 If you persevere
 You will conquer,— never fear,—
 TRY AGAIN !

ANON.

October 11.

RUDBECKIA.—*Pure-minded.*

Thine is a mind of maiden artlessness !
 Unstained, undarkened, by the dross of earth ;
 A soul, that through thine eyes bright beams
 express,
 Thy nature, e'n as noble as thy birth ;
 Whose every glance reflects the gem enshrined,
 Worthy a form so fair ;— *the diamond of the mind.*

ANONYMOUS.

October 12.

ROSE MUNDI.—*You are Merry.*

Lady! the clouds of sorrow and pain,
Have not made thy bright eyes wet;
The bitter cup that we all must drain
Has not touched thy sweet lips yet.

Beauty looks forth from thy rounded cheek,
Like love from a rose's breast;
Thy brow, like a snow-drop, pure and meek,—
Thy voice, like a song at rest.

H. J. H.

October 13.

DEEP RED ROSE.—*Shame.*

Sprinkle sweet blossoms o'er her
Low and quiet grave!
She was aye a gentle flower,—
Do not let a willow bower
O'er her ashes wave!

Away from earth's cold tempests,
She's joined the angel-band!
No more she walks life's desert moors,—
She treads the distant, smiling shores,—
The shores of the Spirit Land. J. W. H.

October 14.

CHINA ROSE.—*Grace.*

Tyrian dye, why do you wear ;
You whose cheeks bright scarlet are ?
 Why do you fondly pin
 Pure linen o'er your skin ?
 (Your skin that's whiter far,—)
Casting a dusky cloud before a star !

COWLEY.

October 15.

RASPBERRY.—*Misery.*

Be it so, we part forever ;
 Let the past as nothing be ;—
Had I only loved thee, never
 Hadst thou thus been dear to me.

Now, there is a silent sorrow
 That can find no vent in speech,
Which disdains relief to borrow
 From the heights that song can reach.

More than woman thou wast to me ;
 Not as man I looked on thee ;
Why like woman then undo me,—
 Why heap man's worst curse on me !

BYRON.

October 16.

SPLIT REED.—*Folly.*

When first I saw your face so heavenly fair,
With eyes so bright, and with that awful air,
I thought my heart, which durst so high aspire,
Bolder than his who snatched celestial fire.

But soon as e'er the beauteous idiot spoke,
Forth from her coral lips such folly broke,
Like balm, the trickling nonsense healed my wound,
And what her eyes enthralled, her tongue unbound.

CONGREVE.

October 17.

REED.—*Single Blessedness.*

I have no wife!—Who'd have his nose
Forever tied to one lone flower,—
E'en though that flower should be a rose,
Plucked with light hand from fairy bower?
Oh, better far the bright bouquet,
Of flowers of every clime and hue,
By turns to charm the mind away,
And fragrance in the heart renew. ANON.

October 18.

RHODODENDRON.—*Danger.*

Before I gang awa from thee,
 I 'll speak my heart out fu' and free,
 And gin ye listen now to me,
 Ane wee bit wordie,—
 'T will do ye good, my donsie, wee,
 And bonnie birdie !

Och ! dinna trust admirin man !
 He 'll gain a heart where'er he can,
 And grasp it wi' a cruel han,—
 And wound it sorely !
 And then, wi' man's and woman's ban,
 Ye 'll fare but purily ! J. W. H.

October 19.

AUSTRIAN ROSE.—*Very Lovely.*

I know that thou art beautiful,
 In dreams I see thy face,
 I see its dimples come and go,
 Like light in frolic grace.
 Thy rich eyes steal before mine own,
 'Neath lashes long and dark,
 And on thy softly rounded cheek,
 The maiden bloom I mark.

MRS. OSGOOD.

October 20.

ROSE CAMPION.—*Gentleness.*

Gladly they heed who their brightness hath given,
Blooming on earth they look up into heaven ;
Humbly look up from their lowliest bowers,—
Live like the flowers !

Peacefully droop they when Autumn is sighing,
Spreading mild fragrance around them when dying ;
Sleep they in hope of Spring's wakening hours ;—
Die like the flowers !

MISS LARCOM.

October 21.

RANUNCULUS.—*Fascination.*

Thine eyes I love, and they, as pitying me,
Knowing thy heart, torment me with disdain ;
Have put on black, and loving mourners be,
Looking with pretty ruth upon my pain ;
And truly not the morning sun of heaven
Better becomes the grey cheeks of the east,
Nor that full star, that ushers in the even,
Doth half that glory to the sober west,
As those two starry eyes become thy face.

SHAKSPEARE.

October 22.

ROSE-COLORED PRIMROSE.—*Neglected Genius.*

Down in his six-feet dungeon, under ground,
Or raised, perchance, to attic story high,
He, with his shrunk and dusty form, is found,
Whose task it is in musty books to pry,—
The scholar, seeking learning's treasured spoil.
Strange is the weary life which he hath led ;
He hath a midnight *lamp*, — but little oil ;
He hath a staff, a mug, an ancient bed, —
And spiders weave their curtains o'er his head.

T. C. UPHAM.

October 23.

POLYANTHUS.—*Pride of Riches.*

On thy forehead sitteth Pride,
Crowned with scorn and falcon-eyed ;
But beneath methinks thou twinest
Silken smiles that *seem* divinest.
Can *such* smiles be false and cold ?
Canst thou — *wilt* thou wed for gold ?

BARRY CORNWALL.

October 24

PLANE TREE. — *Grace.*

Here is a maid,
With step superb, and hair's long braid,
And placid brow, and darkling glance,
And feet as she sleeps, seem dreaming a dance.
Her delicate lip like a rose-leaf is curled,
And her eye like the star-flag above it unfurled !

FESTUS.

October 25.

INDIAN PINK. — *Always Lovely.*

She had a low, sweet brow, with fringed lakes
Of an unfathomed darkness couched below ;
And, parted on that brow in clouded flakes,
The darkling hair swept back with wavy flow,
Rounding a head of such a shape as makes
The old Greek marble with the goddess glow.
Her nostril's breaching arch might threaten storm,
But love lay in her lips, all hushed and warm.

WILLIS.

October 26.

LARCH.—*Audacity.*

And must we part? Well let it be!
'T is better thus, oh yes! believe me;
For though I still was true to thee,
Thou, faithless maiden, wouldest deceive me.
Take back this written pledge of love!
No more I'll to my bosom fold it;
The ring you gave, your faith to prove
I can't return, — because I've sold it.

ANON.

October 27.

PEPPERMINT.—*Cordiality.*

Girl of the swan's neck,
Love me! love me!
Girl of the swan's neck,
Love me!
As a marble Greek doth grow
To his steed's back of snow,
Thy neck sits thy shoulder so, —
Oh girl of the swan's neck,
Love me!

ANON.

October 28.

OSMUNDA.—*Dreams.*

When moonlight reposes on valley and hill,
When all save the strain of the mock-bird is still,
Or the murmuring brook on its path to the sea,
I seek its green borders, to dream, love, of thee.

When hushed is the hum of the bee mid the flowers,
And soft comes the strain from the green shaded
bowers,

When night winds are rustling each leaf on the tree,
Beneath its dark shadows, I dream, love, of thee.

ANON.

October 29.

OX-EYE DAISY.—*Disappointment.*

I never nursed a dear gazelle,
To glad me with its soft, black eye,
But when it came to know me well,
And love me, it was sure to die !

I never had a piece of bread
Particularly wide,
But that it fell upon the floor,
Upon the buttered side !

MOORE, *altered*

October 30.

PARSLEY. — *Fickleness.*

Fair is my love, but not so fair as fickle,
Mild as a dove, but neither true nor trusty ;
Brighter than glass, and yet, as glass, is brittle,
Softer than wax, and yet as iron — rusty :
A little pale, with damask dye to grace her
None fairer, nor none falser to deface her.

SHAKSPEARE.

October 31.

COMMON NETTLE. — *Cruelty.*

Be wise as thou art cruel ; do not press
My tongue-tied patience with too much disdain,
Let sorrow lend me words, and words express
The manner of my pity-wanting pain,
That I may not be sad, nor thou belied
Bear thine eyes straight, though thy proud heart go
wide.

SHAKSPEARE.

November 1.

NASTURTIUM. — *Patriotism.*

My heart is with my native land,
My song is for her glory ;
Her warrior's wreath is in my hand,
My lips breathe out her story.
Her lofty hills and valleys green,
Are smiling bright before me,
And like a rainbow sign is seen
Her proud flag waving o'er me.

J. H. HEWITT.

November 2.

MOUNTAIN ASH. — *Quiet.*

In secluded paths of duty,
Only by the humble trod,
Live I, blest with dreams of beauty,
Hope for man, and trust in God !

PARK BENJAMIN.

November 3.

MUGWORT. — *Happiness.*

Thus, hand in hand, through life we 'll go ;
Its checkered paths of joy and wo
With cautious steps we 'll tread,
Quit its vain scenes without a tear,
Without a trouble or a fear,
And mingle with the dead.

COTTON.

November 4.

MUSHROOM.—*Bad news.*

I would not rudely lift the veil
Of thy unhappy lot ;
How can I see thy cheek grow pale,
Thy brow with anguish fraught ?

When told that all thou holdest most dear,
Death's grasp hath rudely riven, —
Oh, may it to thy view bring near
The lasting joys of heaven !

O. S. M. ORDWAY.

November 5.

MIMOSA.—*Sensitiveness.*

Faithful and fond, with sense beyond thy years,
And natural piety that leans to heaven ;
Wrung by a harsh word suddenly to tears,
Yet patient of rebuke when justly given, —
Obedient, — easy to be reconciled, —
And meekly cheerful, — such art thou, dear child !

MRS. NORTON.

November 6.

MANDRAKE.—*An uncommon thing.*

When William sent a letter to declare
That he was wedded to a fairer fair,—

Poor Lucy shrieked, — “ *To life, to all adieu!* ”
And in the indignation of despair,
She tore the letter and her raven hair,—
She beat her bosom, and the post-boy too ;
Then to an open window wildly flew,
And madly flung herself into — a chair.

JAMES NACK.

November 7.

MARVEL OF PERU.—*Timidity.*

Go, lovely Rose !
Tell her that wastes her time and me,
That now she knows,
When I resemble her to thee,
How sweet, and fair, she seems to be.

Tell her that 's young,
And shuns to have her graces spied,
That hadst thou sprung
In deserts, where no men abide,
Thou must have uncommended died. WALLER.

November 8.

LUPINE.—*Dejection.*

Fare thee well! thus disunited,
Torn from every nearer tie,
Seared in heart, and lone, and blighted,
More than this, I scarce can die. BYRON.

November 9.

LOTUS-FLOWER.—*Estrangement.*

'T is otherwise decreed, and I submit!
Alone I guide my bark adown the stream;
Dark is the voyage, around the night-birds flit,
The waves are tinged by no sweet-smiling beam.

And now I breathe the parting word — Farewell!
And now, the cords which fondly bind, I sever!
Break from the scenes I once had loved so well,—
And *tear* thine image from my heart forever!

J. W. H.

November 10.

LOTUS.—*Mere Display.*

All is glittering show,
Like the sunny gleam
That December's beam
Can fling o'er icy snow. ANON.

November 11.

LOCUST TREE.—*Affection beyond the grave.*

Sainted maid !

My thoughts oft rest with thee in thy cold grave,
Through the long wintry night, when wind and wave
Rock the dark house where thy poor head is laid.

Yet hush ! my fond heart, hush ! there is a shore
Of better promise ; and I know at last,
When the long Sabbath of the tomb is past,
We two shall meet in Christ, to part no more.

KIRKE WHITE.

November 12.

LICHEN.—*Sadness.*

Oh my lonely, lonely, lonely pillow !
Where is my lover ? where is my lover ?
Is it his bark my dreary dreams discover ?
Far, far away, and alone, along the billow ?

Oh my lonely, lonely, lonely pillow !
Why must my head ache where his gentle brow
lay ?
How the long night flags, lovelessly and slowly !
And my head droops over thee like the willow !

BYRON.

November 13.

FIELD LILY.—*Humility.*

Here is a precious jewel I have found
Among the filth and rubbish of the world.
I'll stoop for it, but when I wear it here,
Set on my forehead like the morning star,
The world may wonder, but it will not laugh.

LONGFELLOW.

November 14.

YELLOW LILY.—*Playful beauty.*

You cannot light upon a sweeter thing.
A body slight and round, and like a pear
In growing; modest eyes, a hand, a foot,
Lessening in perfect cadence, and a skin
As clear and white as privet, when it flowers.

TENNYSON.

November 15.

LAURESTINE.—*I die if neglected.*

A boat at midnight sent alone
To drift upon a moonless sea,—
A lute whose leading chord is gone,—
A wounded bird that hath but one
Imperfect wing to soar upon,—
Are like what I am without thee! MOORE.

November 16.

MOUNTAIN LAUREL.—*Ambition.*

As far as may be, she 'll carve out
Free space for every human doubt,
That the whole mind may orb about.

TENNYSON.

November 17.

LAUREL.—*Glory.*

Give me the trumpet tone of fame,
The victor's wreath, the hero's name ;
Though bites the steel and clangs the chain,
I would a warrior's glory gain,
A nation's pet and idol be,
With slaves to crouch and bend the knee.

W. H. C.

November 18.

HOUSTONIA.—*Content.*

I would not woo
The restless flash of gems,
Mid swarthy caves, where, hid from view,
Couch dense and sickly damps ;
Give me moon, stars, and dew, night's natural
lamps ; —
Fame, keep thy diadems !

CALDER CAMPBELL.

November 19.

HORNBEAM TREE.—*Extravagance.*

Can I matchless charms recite ?
Source of ever-springing light !
Could I count the vernal flowers,
Count in endless time the hours ;
Count the countless stars above,
Count the captive hearts of love, —
Then I 'd strike the sounding string !
Then I 'd thy perfection sing.

SAVAGE.

November 20.

HONEYSUCKLE.—*Domestic happiness.*

Oh, sweet the Jasmine's buds of snow
In morning soft with May,
And sweet in summer's silent glow,
The brooklets merry play ;
But sweeter in that lovely place
To God it must have been,
To see the maiden's happy face
That blest the home within.
Without the porch, I hear at morn,
A voice that sings for glee,—
Or watch the white face glancing down
To the book upon the knee. BULWER.

November 21.

HAWKWEED.—*Adhesiveness.*

Let who will admire, adore,
Her whom vulgar crowds do praise ;
I will love my love the more,
When she falls on evil days !
Truer, firmer, will I be,
When the faithless fail, or flee !

BARRY CORNWALL.

November 22.

GOURD.—*Unrequited affection.*

Farewell! 't is mine to prove
 Of blighted hopes the pain ;
But, O, believe, I cannot love,
 As I have loved, — again !

Farewell! 't is thine to change,
 Forget, be false, be free ;
But know, wherever thou shalt range,
 That none can love like me. TUPPER.

November 23.

FUSCHIA.—*Faithfulness.*

When woman's eye grows dull,
 And her cheek paleth,
When fades the beautiful,
 Then man's love faileth.
He sits not beside her chair,
 Clasps not her fingers,
Twines not the damp hair
 That o'er her brow lingers.

JAMES NACK.

November 24.

DARK GERANIUM.—*Melancholy.*

The bell is pealing,
And every feeling
Within me responds
To the dismal knell;

Shadows are trailing,
My heart is bewailing,
And tolling within,
Like a funeral bell.

LONGFELLOW.

November 25.

NUTMEG GERANIUM.—*I shall never see him.*

My peace is gone!
My heart is sore!
I never shall find it,
No, never more!

There is my grave,—
Where he is not!
And all the world,
One bitter thought!

GOETHE.

November 26.

SILVER-LEAF GERANIUM.—*Recall.*

No, I will never see him more,
Since thus he likes to roam ;
And when his cab stops at the door,
Just say I'm not at home !
I'll sing no more the songs he loved,
Nor play the waltzes o'er,
Nor wear the colors he approved,—
I'll never see him more !
If we should meet, his glance will shrink,
My scornful glance before ;
Bless me ! his knock ! here John, I think
I'll see him just once more ! ANON.

November 27.

GENTIAN.—*Loveliness.*

Roses pale beside thy cheek,
Yet their love for thee they speak,
By the double fragrance shed
When thou passest near their bed ;
Even the shy Mimosa tree
Humbly bends its head to thee !

CALDER CAMPBELL.

November 28.

GORSE.—*Anger.*

Name and fame! to fly sublime
Through the courts, the camps, the schools,
Is to be the ball of time
Bandied in the hands of fools. TENNYSON.

November 29.

GOLDYLOCKS.—*Languishing.*

There is a shadow in her eye,
A languor on her frame;
Yet rouse her spirit, and she 'll glow
With passion's fiercest flame. J. W. H.

November 30.

GOLDEN ROD.—*Precaution.*

Forgive me if I do not trust
Those eyes of tender blue,
For she was to my hopes unjust,
Who looked so sweetly, too!
Forgive me; caution now denies
The heart's responsive swell!
Delusive were her deepest sighs
Whom I believed so well!

T. H. BAYLEY.

December 1.

SCARLET GERANIUM.—*Gaiety.*

Hurra! hurra! for laughing love,
A fig for those who sigh;
Hurra! hurra! for the bounding heart,
And the bright and sparkling eye!
The smile that parts the rosy lips,
And the look of artless glee,
That speaks of the warm and cheerful heart,
Oh, that's the heart for me! ANON.

December 2.

TEASEL.—*Jealousy.*

“ But, speaking of green eyes,
Are thine green? ”
“ Not a whit, — why so? ”
“ I think
The slightest shade of green would be becoming,
For thou art jealous! ”
“ No! I am not jealous! ”
“ Thou shouldst be.”
“ Why? ”
“ Because thou art in love;
And they who are in love, are always jealous! ”
LONGFELLOW.

December 3.

FRENCH WILLOW.—*Constancy.*

Go, bid the needle his dear North forsake,
To which, with trembling reverence, it does bend ;
Go, bid the stones a journey upward make ;
Go, bid the ambitious flame no more ascend ;
And when these false to their old motions prove,
Then shall I cease thee, thee alone to love.

COWLEY.

December 4.

FLOWER-DE-LUCE.—*I am burning with love.*

I love thee, — and I live ! The Moon,
Who sees me from her calm above,
The Wind, who weaves her dim, soft tune
About me, know how much I love !
Nought else, save night, and the lonely hour,
E'er heard my passion wild and strong ;
Even *thou* yet deem'st not of thy power,
Unless thou read'st aright my song !

BARRY CORNWALL.

December 5.

FENNEL.—*Strength.*

And thou, too, whosoe'er thou art,
That readest this brief psalm,
As, one by one, thy hopes depart,
Be resolute and calm.

O, fear not in a world like this,
And thou shalt know e'er long,
Know how sublime a thing it is
To suffer and grow strong. LONGFELLOW.

December 6.

DRAGON PLANT.—*You are near a snare.*

I know a maiden fair to see,
Take care !
She can both false and friendly be,
Beware ! beware !
Trust her not, she is fooling thee !
She has two eyes, so soft and brown,
Take care !
She gives a side-glance and looks down,
Beware ! beware !
Trust her not, she is fooling thee !

LONGFELLOW.

December 7.

DIOSMA.—*Good for nothing.*

He that loves a rosy cheek,
Or a coral lip admires ;
Or from star-like eyes doth seek
Fuel to maintain his fires ;
As old Time makes these decay,
So his flames must waste away.
But a smooth and steadfast mind,
Gentle thoughts and calm desires,
Hearts with equal love combined,
Kindle never-dying fires.
Where these are not, I despise
Lovely cheeks, or lips, or eyes.

CAREW.

December 8.

ALTHEA.—*Dying for love.*

My heart is sad and lonely,
With weariness I pine ;
Would thou wert here, mine only, —
Would I were wholly thine !

My eyes are filled with sorrow,
My heart will surely break !
Wilt thou not come to-morrow ?
I 'm dying for thy sake !

H. J. H.

December 9.

CREEPER.—*Protection.*

As with the load
The steel we touch,
Forced ne'er so much,
Yet still removes
To that it loves,
Till there it stays ;
So to your praise
I turn ever,
And though never
From you moving,
Happy so loving.

DRAYTON.

December 10.

CORONELLA.—*You will succeed.*

Press on !
For it shall make you mighty among men ;
And from the eyrie of your eagle thought,
Ye shall look down on monarchs. O, press on !
For the high ones and powerful shall come
To do you reverence ; and the beautiful
Will know the purer language of your brow,
And read it like a talisman of love !

Press on !

WILLIS.

December 11.

COCKLE.—*Absence.*

Parted from thee, as one entombed am I ;
Sweet Summer's balmy blooms no longer cheer ;
Nor nature's minstrelsy delights mine ear,
The very morning sun shines drearily.

But when soft slumber seals each living eye,
And sheeted ghosts are from the church-yard
streaming,
Then does my spirit, disenthralled and dreaming,
O'er hill and vale to thy dear presence fly.

UHLAND.

December 12.

COREANDER.—*Hidden merit.*

Let other bards of angels sing,
Bright suns without a spot ;
But thou art no such perfect thing,
Rejoice that thou art not.

True beauty dwells in deep retreats,
Whose veil is unremoved ;
Till heart with heart in concord beats,
And the lover is beloved.

WORDSWORTH.

December 13.

CITRON.—*Estrangement.*

We meet in crowds ! ah, how unlike the meeting
Our bosoms knew, in those sweet, by-gone hours,
When Time's swift pinions seemed on sunbeams
fleeting,
And Youth's light footsteps trod alone on flowers !

We meet in crowds ! as strangers, cold and sadly,
Who ne'er had met, nor e'er may meet again ;
We part !—and in each bosom, deeply,—madly,
Rankles the wound that must for aye remain !

MRS. C. B. WILSON.

December 14.

COXCOMB.—*Singularity.*

When first you look upon her face,
You little note beside
The timidity, that still betrays
The beauties it would hide ;
But, one by one, they look from out
Her blushes and her eyes,—
And still, the last the loveliest,
Like stars from twilight skies.

ANON.

December 15.

COREOPSIS.—*Always cheerful.*

Cheerfully wave they o'er valley and mountain,
Cheer the lone desert and smile by the fountain ;
Pale discontent in no young blossom lowers ;
Live like the flowers !

Meekly their buds in the heavy rain bending ;
Softly their hues with the mellow light blending ;
Gratefully welcoming sunshine and showers, —
Live like the flowers !

MISS LARCOM.

December 16.

ROCK ROSE.—*Security.*

Mine be a cot beside the hill,
A bee-hive's hum shall soothe my ear ;
A willow brook that turns a mill,
With many a fall, shall linger near.

The swallow oft, beneath my thatch,
Shall twitter from her clay-built nest ;
Oft shall the pilgrim lift the latch
And share my meal, a welcome guest.

ROGERS.

December 17.

CHAMOMILE.—*Love in Adversity.*

When sailing o'er Life's solemn sea,
Bereft of Hope's fair company, —
When midnight darkness wraps the soul,
And o'er the head harsh thunders roll ;
'T is bliss to think of one fond heart
That bids for us the tear-drop start,
And who, with us, though all forsake,
Will share our joys and woes, — or break !

J. W. H.

December 18.

CEDAR OF LEBANON.—*Incorrumpability.*

So dear to heaven is saintly chastity,
That when a soul is found sincerely so,
A thousand liveried angels lackey her,
Driving far off each thing of guilt and sin ;
Till oft converse with heavenly habitants,
Begins to cast a beam on the outward shape,
The unpolluted temple of the mind,
And turns it by degrees to the soul's essence
Till all is incorruptible. SHAKSPEARE.

December 19.

CARNATION.—*Disdain.*

Talk not to me of love !
The deer that dies
Knows more of love than I,
Who seek the skies.
Strive not to bind my soul
With chains of clay !
I scorn thy poor control ;
Away ! away !

BARRY CORNWALL

December 20.

CARDINAL FLOWER.—*Distinctness.*

Oh, give me matchless eloquence,
And words of thrilling fire ;
And with the breath of poesy,
My panting breast inspire.
I would not lay me in the grave
The being of a day,
To join the crowd of nameless dead,
As nameless as are they.

December 21.

JAPONICA. — *Excellence.*

Give place, ye lovers here before,
That spend your boasts and brags in vain,
My lady's beauty passeth more
The best of yours, I dare well sayen,
Than doth the sonne the candle light,—
Or brightest day the darkest night.

SURREY. 1530.

December 22.

PETUNIA. — *Not as proud as you are pretty.*

Thou art not proud, though Beauty's gifts,
Her fairest, richest gifts are thine ;
And on thy brow,— the throne of thought,—
Like gleams of light, thy tresses shine.
Still unassuming are thy ways,
Still kindly words hast thou for all ;
The lowly bless thy sunny smile,—
The same in cottage as in hall.

D. H. JAQUES.

December 23.

BEAR'S BREACH.—*Misery.*

I often wish that thou wert dead,
And I beside thee calmly sleeping ;
Since love is o'er and passion fled,
And life has nothing worth our keeping !

No ! common souls can bear decline
Of all that throb'd them once so high ;
But hearts that beat like thine, and mine,
Must still love on,—love on or die.

To see that eye so cold and still,
Which once could melt with mine in bliss,—
No ! no ! I cannot bear the chill,—
Hate, burning hate, were heaven to this !

MOORE.

December 24.

CHRYSANTHEMUM.—*Cheerfulness in adversity.*

When the gladdening sunlight of joy is fled,
And troubles are gathering dark overhead,
Your spirit will sweetly repose in His love,
Whose strength all the powers of earth cannot move ;
And, sheltered serenely from sorrow and pain,
Look with smiles on the storm and the falling rain.

MISS LARCOM.

December 25.

CHRISTMAS ROSE.—*Relieve my Anxiety.*

Fairest of the fair, and goodliest of life,
All my secret to you I plaine, and shrive,
Requiring grace and of complaint,
To be healed, or martyred as a saint,
For by my troth, I vow, and by this booke,
You may both heal and slay me with a looke.

CHAUCER. 1378.

December 26.

BALM OF GILEAD.—*Relief.*

To me a wife indulgent grant,
With beauty sweet, and complaisant
To all my fault, with bending ease,
Making e'en me, my actions please;
Correcting, — yet invisibly,
Governing without tyranny, —
Gaining my love by just such stealth,
As lovely days improve the health.

VOLTAIRE.

December 27.

ASH TREE.—*Grandeur.*

No! I shall never lose the trace,
Of what I've felt in this bright place;
And should my spirit's hope grow weak,—
Should I, O God! forget thy power,
This mighty scene again I'll seek,
At the same calm and glowing hour;
And here at the sublimest shrine
That nature ever reared to thee,
Rekindle all that hope divine,
And *feel* my immortality!

MOORE.

December 28.

ARBOR VITÆ.—*Unchanging Affection.*

Thou and thine shall know no blight,
Whatever fate on me may fall;
For heaven in sunshine will requite
The kind,—and thee the most of all.

Then let the ties of baffled love
Be broken,—thine will never break;
Thy heart can feel,—but will not move;
Thy soul, though soft, will never shake!

BYRON.

December 29.

AMARANTH.—*Immortality.*

There 's a yearning that's felt in your heart's deepest cell,
And silently, vainly, within doth it swell ;
And scorning the hopes of the children of earth,
Seeks the bright home of its heavenly birth ;
And that yearning, unquenched in the heart will lie,
Till refreshed by a draught from eternity.

As the young eagle pants for the glorious light,
And flutters its unfledged pinions for flight,
So struggles your earth-fettered spirit to fly
And bathe in the light of eternity. MISS LARCOM.

December 30.

AMBROSIA.—*Mutual Love.*

Love ? I 'll tell thee what is mutual love.
It is to build of human thoughts a shrine,
Where hope sits brooding like a beauteous dove,
Where time seems young, and life, a thing divine !
All tastes, all pleasures, all desires combine
To consecrate this sanctuary of bliss,
And if there 's heaven on earth, that place is surely this.

ANON.

December 31.

APPLE BLOSSOM.—*He prefers you.*

I love the glance of the gray-eyed morn,
When he springs from his dewy sleep !
And rustles the ranks of the growing corn,
And dabbles the dew on the verdant lawn,—
The night does naught but weep !
But the morn comes on with shout and song,
And he carols a stave as he bounds along,—
The morn before the gloomy night !—
But oh ! my heart's boast and delight,—
You, before the morn !

J. W. H.

INDEX.

A.

	PAGE.
Acacia,	<i>Platonic Love,</i> 124
Acacia, Rose,.....	<i>Elegance,</i> 124
Adonis,	<i>Sorrowful recollections,</i> .. 125
Allspice,	<i>Languishing,</i> 46
Almond-Tree,.....	<i>Indiscretion,</i> 53
Aloe,.....	<i>Grief,</i> 8
Althea,.....	<i>Dying for love,</i> 163
Amaryllis,	<i>Pride,</i> 51
Amaranth,.....	<i>Immortality.</i> 174
Ambrosia,	<i>Mutual love,</i> 174
Anemone,.....	<i>Forsaken,</i> 39
Angelica,	<i>Inspiration,</i> 95
Apple-Blossom,.....	<i>She prefers you,</i> 175
Arbor Vitæ,	<i>Unchanging affection,</i> 173
Ash, Mountain,.....	<i>Quiet,</i> 147
Ash Tree,	<i>Grandeur,</i> 173
Asphodel,	<i>Unending regret,</i> 96

B.

Bachelor's Button, <i>Single wretchedness,</i>	34
Balsam,..... <i>Impatience,</i>	53

Balm of Gilead,	<i>Relief</i> ,	172
Barberry,	<i>Ill temper</i> ,	54
Basil,	<i>Hatred of the other sex</i> ,	95
Bay,	<i>Fadeless affections</i> ,	96
Bear's Breach,	<i>Misery</i> ,	171
Beech,	<i>Prosperity</i> ,	54
Belladonna,	<i>Loveliness</i> ,	96
Bell Flower,	<i>Constancy</i> ,	97
Bilberry,	<i>Treachery</i> ,	60
Bindweed,	<i>Obstinacy</i> ,	54
Birch,	<i>Meekness</i> ,	55
Bitter-sweet,	<i>Truth</i> ,	98
Blue Violet,	<i>Faithfulness</i> ,	39
Blue Bell,	<i>Solitude</i> ,	131
Box,	<i>Stoicism</i> ,	125
Bramble,	<i>Weariness</i> ,	98
Broken Straw,	<i>Trouble, trouble</i> ,	61
Bulrush,	<i>Independence</i> ,	99
Bunch of Currants, <i>You please all</i> ,	113	
Burning Nettle,	<i>Cruelty</i> ,	19
Buttercup,	<i>Ingratitude</i> ,	126

C.

Cabbage,	<i>Self willed</i> ,	126
Cactus,	<i>Ardent Love</i> ,	8
Calla,	<i>Magnificent beauty</i> ,	34
Canterbury Bell,	<i>Constancy in adversity</i> ,	99
Cardinal Flower,	<i>Distinction</i> ,	169
Carnation,	<i>Disdain</i> ,	169

Cedar of Lebanon, *Incorruplicability*, 168
Celandine, *Joys to come*, 99
Chamomile, *Love in adversity*, 168
Chickweed, *Will you meet me*, 64
" Mouse-ear, *Simplicity*, 51
China Aster, *True yet*, 56
Chrysanthemum, *Cheerfulness in adversity*, 171
Cinquefoil, *The dead*, 55
Citron, *Estrangement*, 166
Clematis, *Artfulness*, 27
Cockle, *Absence*, 165
Columbine, *Folly*, 49
Coreander, *Hidden merit*, 165
Coreopsis, *Always cheerful*, 167
Corn, *Quarrel*, 127
Coronella, *You will succeed*, 164
Cowslip, *Pensiveness*, 128
Coxcomb, *Singularity*, 166
Cranberry, *Cure for heart-ache*, 122
Creeper, *Protection*, 164
Cresses, *Roving*, 129
Crocus, *I am his*, 129
Crocus Blossom, *Youthful gladness*, 56
Crow-Foot, *Brilliancy*, 112
Cuckoo Plant, *Ardor*, 113
Currants, Bunch of, *You please all*, 113
Cypress, *Mourning*, 26

D.

Daffodil,	<i>Contentment</i> ,	113
Dahlia,	<i>Elegance and dignity</i> ,	114
Daisy,	<i>I share your sentiments</i> ,	57
Daisy, Ox-eye,	<i>Disappointment</i> ,	145
Dandelion,	<i>Coquetry</i> ,	130
Dock,	<i>Shrewdness</i> ,	130
Dead Leaves,	<i>My love has ended</i> ,	11
Dew Plant,	<i>Serenade</i> ,	27
Diosma,	<i>Good for nothing</i> ,	163
Dog's Bane,	<i>Deceit</i> ,	37
Dragon Plant,	<i>Near a snare</i> ,	162

E.

Elder,	<i>Compassion</i> ,	48
--------------	---------------------------	----

F.

Fennel,	<i>Strength</i> ,	162
Fern,	<i>Sincerity</i> ,	45
Fig Tree,	<i>A kiss</i> ,	94
Filbert,	<i>Reconciliation</i> ,	115
Fir Tree,	<i>Elevation</i> ,	47
Flag, Sweet,	<i>Fitness</i> ,	114
Flax,	<i>Genius</i> ,	116
Flower of an hour,	<i>Frailty</i> ,	116

Flowering Reed,	<i>Rely on God</i> ,	117
Flower-de-luce,	<i>I am burning with love</i> ,	161
Fox Glove,	<i>Insincerity</i> ,	117
French Marigold,	<i>Jealousy</i> ,	76
French Willow,	<i>Constancy</i> ,	161
Fumitory,	<i>Ill at ease</i> ,	118
Fuschia,	<i>Faithfulness</i> ,	156

G.

Gentian,	<i>Loveliness</i> ,	158
Geranium, Dark,	<i>Melancholy</i> ,	157
Geranium, Nutmeg,	<i>I shall never see him</i> ,	157
Geranium, Oak,	<i>True Friendship</i> ,	7
Geranium, Rose,	<i>Preference</i> ,	36
Geranium, Scarlet,	<i>Gaiety</i> ,	160
Geranium, Sil. leaf,	<i>Recall</i> ,	158
Gilly Flower,	<i>Natural beauty</i> ,	28
Golden Rod,	<i>Precaution</i> ,	159
Goldylocks,	<i>Languishing</i> ,	159
Gooseberry,	<i>Regret</i> ,	130
Gorse,	<i>Anger</i> ,	159
Gourd,	<i>Unrequited affection</i> ,	156
Grape, Wild,	<i>Rural felicity</i> ,	57
Grass,	<i>Usefulness</i> ,	34

H.

Hawthorn,	<i>Hope</i> ,	26
Hawkweed,	<i>Adhesiveness</i> ,	155

Helenium, *Tears*, 118
 Heliotrope, *I remain true*, 35
 Hemlock, *You will cause my death*, .. 28
 Hemp, *Fate*, 87
 Hepatica, *Confidence*, 119
 Hoarhound, *Imitation*, 48
 Holly, *Foresight*, 37
 Hollyhock, *Ambition*, 88
 Honeysuckle, *Domestic happiness*, 155
 Honeysuckle, Wild, *Inconstancy*, 59
 Honey flower, *Secret love*, 58
 Hop, *Pride and passion*, 52
 Hornbeam, *Extravagance*, 154
 Horse Chesnut, *Luxury*, 132
 House Leek, *Liveliness*, 25
 Houstonia, *Content*, 154
 Hoya, *Sculpture*, 119
 Humble Plant, *Despondency*, 120
 Hyacinth, *Faith*, 38
 Hydrangea, *Remember*, 9
 Hyssop, *Holiness*, 13

I.

Ice Plant, *Frigidity*, 9
 Indian Plum, *Privation*, 100
 Iris, *Pleasant message*, 120
 Ivy, *Friendship*, 40
 Ivy Sprig, *Longings*, 128

J.

Japonica, *Excellence*, 170
Jasmine, Yellow, .. *Grace*, 59
John's Wort, *Simplicity*, 90
Jonquil, *Longings*, 123
Juniper, *Protection*, 132

K.

King Cups, *Brilliancy*, 39

L.

Laburnum, *Forsaken*, 10
Ladies' Delight, *Forget me not*, 33
Ladies' Slipper, *Fickleness*, 60
Larch, *Audacity*. 144
Laurel, *Glory*, 153
Laurel, Mountain, *Ambition*, 153
Laurestine, *I die if neglected*, 153
Lavender, *Distrust*, 11
Lemon, *Pleasant thoughts*, 12
Lemon-Blossom, ... *Fidelity*, 12
Lettuce, *Cold hearted*, 44
Life Everlasting, ... *Continual happiness*, 115
Lichen, *Sadness*, 151
Lilac, *First emotions of love*, 101

Lilac, White,	<i>Youthful looks</i> ,	100
Lily, Field,	<i>Humility</i> ,	152
Lily, Imperial,	<i>Majesty</i> ,	13
Lily, Water,	<i>Purity of heart</i>	73
Lily, Yellow,	<i>Playful beauty</i> ,	152
Lily of the Valley,	<i>Return of happiness</i> ,	121
Linden,	<i>Conjugal Love</i> ,	24
Liverwort,	<i>Constancy</i> ,	20
Locust Tree,	<i>Affection beyond the grave</i> ,	151
London Pride,	<i>Frivolity</i> ,	102
Lotus,	<i>Mere display</i> ,	150
Lotus Flower,	<i>Estrangement</i> ,	150
Love in a Snarl,	<i>Embarrassment</i> ,	123
Love-lies-bleeding,	<i>Desertion</i> ,	49
Lupine,	<i>Dejection</i>	150

M.

Madder,	<i>Talkative</i> ,	121
Magnolia,	<i>Love of nature</i> ,	101
Maidenhair,	<i>Secrecy</i> ,	45
Mandrake,	<i>An uncommon thing</i> ,	149
Maple,	<i>Reserve</i> ,	40
Marigold,	<i>Pain</i> ,	14
Marigold, French,	<i>Jealousy</i> ,	76
Marjoram,	<i>Blushes</i> ,	77
Marshmallow,	<i>Unmarried</i> ,	23
Marvel of Peru,	<i>Timidity</i> ,	149
Meadow Sweet,	<i>Usefulness</i> ,	75
Mignonette,	<i>You are better than handsome</i> ,	21

Mint, Patagonian, <i>Virtue</i> ,	103	
Mimosa,..... <i>Sensitiveness</i> ,.....	148	
Mistletoe,..... <i>Difficulties</i> ,.....	24	
Monkshood,	<i>Gallantry</i> ,	121
Moonwort,..... <i>Unfortunate</i> ,.....	102	
Morning Glory,.... <i>She loves you</i> ,.....	105	
Moss,	<i>Maternal Love</i> ,	29
Motherwort,..... <i>Concealed Love</i> ,	18	
Mountain Ash,.... <i>Quiet</i> ,	147	
Mugwort,..... <i>Happiness</i> ,.....	147	
Mulberry Tree, <i>Kindness</i> ,	85	
Mulberry Black,.... <i>I shall not survive you</i> ,	85	
Mullein,	<i>Good nature</i> ,	17
Mushroom,	<i>Bad news</i> ,.....	148
Mustard Seed, <i>Indifference</i> ,	85	
Myrrh,	<i>Gladness</i> ,	52
Myrtle,	<i>Heartfelt Love</i> ,.....	65

N.

Narcissus,..... <i>Egotism</i> ,	20	
Nasturtium,..... <i>Patriotism</i> ,	147	
Nettle,	<i>Cruelty</i> ,	146
Nettle, Burning,.... <i>Cruelty</i> ,.....	19	
Night-shade,..... <i>Warning</i> ,	17	

O.

Oak Leaf,..... <i>Welcome</i> ,	18
Oak Geranium, <i>Friendship</i> ,	7

Oleander,	<i>Beware,</i>	76
Olive,	<i>Peace,</i>	38
Ophrys,	<i>Disgust,</i>	65
Orange Flower,....	<i>Chastity,</i>	19
Orchis Fly,	<i>Error,</i>	84
Orchis, Butterfly, .	<i>Domestic quiet,</i>	110
Osmunda,.....	<i>Dreams,</i>	145
Osier,.....	<i>Frankness,</i>	103
Ox-eye Daisy,....	<i>Disappointment,</i>	145

P.

Palm,	<i>Spiritual beauty,</i>	84
Pansy,	<i>I think of thee,</i>	23
Parsley,.....	<i>Fickleness,</i>	146
Pasque Flower,....	<i>I have no claims,</i>	87
Passion-Flower, ...	<i>Faith,</i>	86
Patagonian Mint,..	<i>Virtue,</i>	103
Pea,.....	<i>Respect,</i>	29
Pea, Sweet,.....	<i>Delicacy,</i>	22
Peach Blossom,....	<i>I am yours,</i>	61
Pear,	<i>Affection,</i>	111
Pear, Prickly.....	<i>Dinna forget,</i>	82
Peppermint,.....	<i>Cordiality,</i>	144
Petunia,	<i>Not as proud as pretty,</i>	170
Periwinkle,	<i>Tender recollections,</i>	21
Periwinkle, Blue,..	<i>Early Love,</i>	111
Peony,	<i>Shame,</i>	86
Phlox,	<i>Unanimity,</i>	75
Pimpernel,.....	<i>Faithlessness,</i>	112

Pine Apple,.....	<i>Perfection</i> ,.....	25
Pink,.....	<i>Pure Love</i> ,.....	77
Pink, China,.....	<i>Aversion</i> ,	127
Pink, Yellow,.....	<i>Disdain</i> ,.....	78
Pink, Mountain,.....	<i>Aspiration</i> ,	83
Pink, Double Red,.....	<i>Unchanging Love</i> ,.....	78
Pink, Red,.....	<i>Pure Love</i> ,.....	36
Pink, Indian,.....	<i>Always lovely</i> ,	143
Pink, White,	<i>Pure Love</i> ,.....	77
Pine,	<i>Pity</i> ,	44
Pine, Pitch,.....	<i>Philosophy</i> ,	46
Plane Tree,.....	<i>Grace</i> ,	143
Plum, Indian,	<i>Privation</i> ,	100
Plum, Wild,	<i>Independence</i> ,.....	83
Polyanthus,	<i>Pride of riches</i> ,.....	142
Pomegranate,.....	<i>Foolishness</i> ,.....	81
Poppy, White,.....	<i>Sleep</i> ,	67
Poppy, Red,.....	<i>Consolation</i> ,	67
Poplar, Black,.....	<i>Courage</i> ,.....	82
Potatoe Blossom,.....	<i>Benevolence</i> ,	82
Primrose,.....	<i>Inconstancy</i> ,.....	66
Primrose, Rose col,.....	<i>Neglected genius</i> ,	142

Q.

Quince,.....	<i>Scornful Beauty</i> ,	66
--------------	--------------------------------	----

R.

Ranunculus, *Fascination*, 141
 Raspberry, *Misery*, 138
 Reed, *Musical voice*, 51
 Reed, Flowering, *Rely on God*, 117
 Reed, Split, *Folly*, 139
 Reeds, *Single blessedness*, 139
 Rhododendron, *Danger*, 140
 Rhubarb, *Advice*, 74
 Rose, Hundred leaf, *Dignity of mind*, 105
 Rose, Moss, *Superior merit*, 105
 Rose, Campion, *Gentleness*, 141
 Rose, Geranium, *Preference*, 36
 Rose, Austrian, *Very lovely*, 140
 Rose, Multiflora, *Grace*, 7
 Rose, China, *Grace*, 138
 Rose, Burgundy, *Simplicity*, 104
 Rose, Damask, *Bashful Love*, 104
 Rose, Deep Red, *Shame*, 137
 Rose, Mundi, *You are merry*, 137
 Rose, May, *Vigor*, 64
 Rose, Dog, *Pain and pleasure*, 94
 Rose, Bridal, *Happy Love*, 61
 Rose, Musk, *Caprice*, 60
 Rose, Withered, *Departed loveliness*, 58
 Rose, White Bud, *Too young to marry*, 93
 Rose, Red Bud, *Pure*, 93
 Rose, White, *I would be single*, 93
 Rose, Daily, *A smile*, 79

Rose, Lancaster, .. *Marriage*,..... 79
Rose, Carolina,..... *Love Dangerous*,..... 76
Rose, Christmas, .. *Relieve my anxiety*,..... 172
Rose, Guelder,..... *Young when old*,..... 131
Rose, Yellow, *Infidelity*, 22
Rose, Japan,..... *Beauty is not your only attraction*,..... 10
Rose, Rock,..... *Security*, 167
Roses, Crown of, .. *Virtue*, 92
Rosemary, *Affectionate Remembrance*, 15
Rudbeckia, *Pure minded*, 136
Rue, *Changeable Disposition*,... 15
Rush, *Quietness*,..... 50
Rye Grass,..... *Vice*, 30

S.

Saffron, *Beware*, 23
Saffron, Meadow, .. *My happy days past*,..... 50
Sage,..... *Mutual Love*,..... 15
Saintfoin, *Trust in God*,..... 106
Sardony, *Invitation*,..... 106
Scabious, *Unfortunate attachment*,.. 107
Scabious, Sweet, .. *Widowhood*,..... 88
Schinus, *Marriage*,..... 89
Sensitive Plant, .. *Bashfulness*, 68
Shamrock, *Light-heartedness*,..... 43
Snakeroot,..... *Horror*, 43
Snap-Dragon,..... *Indiscretion*, 89
Snow Ball,..... *Thoughts of heaven*, 67

Snow Drop,	<i>Hope in sorrow,</i>	16
Sorrel,	<i>Parental affection,</i>	42
Sorrel Wood,	<i>Joy,</i>	91
Southernwood,	<i>Bantering,</i>	16
Spearmint,	<i>Burning Love,</i>	33
Spruce,	<i>Hope in adversity,</i>	30
Star of Bethlehem,	<i>Purity,</i>	68
Starwort,	<i>Welcome,</i>	63
Stock,	<i>Promptitude,</i>	136
Straw, Whole,	<i>Union,</i>	32
Straw, Broken,	<i>Trouble, trouble,</i>	61
Strawberry,	<i>Perfection,</i>	69
Sumach,	<i>Intellectual greatness,</i>	69
Sun Flower,	<i>False appearance,</i>	90
Swallow-wort,	<i>Withered hopes,</i>	136
Sweet Flag,	<i>Fitness,</i>	114
Sweet Pea,	<i>Delicacy,</i>	22
Sweet William,	<i>Treachery,</i>	70
Sweet Brier,	<i>Poetry,</i>	47
Sycamore,	<i>Grief,</i>	90
Syringa,	<i>Remember me,</i>	70

T.

Tamarisk,	<i>Crime,</i>	135
Tansy,	<i>Courage,</i>	32
Teasel,	<i>Jealousy,</i>	160
Tear Drop,	<i>Happy Love,</i>	122
Thistle,	<i>Austerity,</i>	71
Thorns,	<i>Sincerity,</i>	35

Thorn Apple,	<i>Deceitfulness</i> ,.....	79
Thrift,.....	<i>Sympathy for the fallen</i> , ..	110
Throatwort,	<i>Neglected beauty</i> ,.....	110
Thyme,	<i>Activity</i> ,	81
Traveller's Joy,	<i>Beauty</i> ,	135
Tuberose,	<i>Voluptuousness</i> ,	134
Tulip Red,	<i>Declaration of love</i> ,.....	80
Tulip, Variegated,	<i>Splendid eyes</i> ,	80
Turnip,	<i>Charity</i> ,	134

V.

Valerian,	<i>Good disposition</i> ,.....	42
Venus' Mirror,.....	<i>Flattery</i> ,.....	133
Verbena,.....	<i>Hope in darkness</i> ,	102
Vernal Grass,.....	<i>Poor but happy</i> ,.....	63
Veronica,	<i>Fidelity</i> ,	31
Vetch,	<i>Shyness</i> ,	109
Vervain,	<i>Enchantment</i> ,.....	71
Vine,.....	<i>Intoxication</i> ,.....	109
Violet, White,.....	<i>Innocence</i> ,	41
Violet, Yellow,.....	<i>Rare worth</i> ,.....	62
Violet, Blue,	<i>Faithfulness</i> ,	39

W.

Wall-flower,	<i>Faithful in adversity</i> ,.....	72
Walnut,.....	<i>Presentiment</i> ,.....	41
Wake Robin,.....	<i>Ardor</i> ,	72

Water Lily,.....	<i>Purity of heart,</i>	73
Wheat,.....	<i>You will be rich,</i>	133
Whortleberry,.....	<i>Treachery,</i>	108
Willow, French,...	<i>Constancy,</i>	161
Willow Herb,.....	<i>Pretension,</i>	108
Willow, Water,....	<i>Freedom,</i>	92
Willow, Weeping,·	<i>Mourning,</i>	73
Willow,	<i>Celibacy,</i>	73
Witch-Hazel,.....	<i>Changeable,</i>	107
Wolfsbane,	<i>Misanthropy,</i>	74
Woodbine,	<i>Fraternal Love,</i>	45
Wormwood,.....	<i>Absence,</i>	62

X.

Xanthium,	<i>Rudeness,</i>	91
-----------------	------------------------	----

Y.

Yarrow,.....	<i>Heart ache,</i>	14
Yew,	<i>Sadness,</i>	30













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